The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R.

Attorney-General Cassidy has given notice that he will file a bill in equity against the transfer of the Beech Creek and South Penn'a railroads to the Penn'a railroad company.

Who is it that it is allaged wrote to delegates he would pay their hotel bills, if they came to Bellefonte and would vote for him for delegate to the state convention? Who knows?—our columns are open for the facts that the foot of scorn may be put on him.

Over 80,000 persons have been attacked by cholera and 40,000 have died of it in Spain during the past three weeks; and yet it seems to create no sensation. Two years ago, when the disease raged in Egypt, and last year when it visited Naples and the south of France, every one was talking of it, though in neither of these countries was the motality nearly so high as it is now in Spain.

Iowa druggists make monthly reports of liquor sales. Great numbers of invalids who doctor themselves seem to be under daily alcoholic treatment. For instance, a small dealer in Muscatine, where all the sanitary conditions are favorable finds that it takes 51 feet of paper to enumerate his sales for a month. He so'd as medicine 152 barrels of beer, 89 gallons of whisky, 19 of gin, 9 of alcohol and 3 of brandy.

The Ohio Democratic State Convention last week, by acclamation and with marked unanmity and enthusiasm, nominated George Hoadly for re-election as Governor and John G. Warwick for re-election as Lieutenant-Governor. The opposition to the choice of these gentlemen was unable to crystalize before the meeting of the convention and thus disorganized fell to pieces when the delegates took their places.

The Democracy in all parts of the country will receive the news of this event with gratified hearts.

The schedule of assets published by the assignees of Mr. John Roach foots up total liabilities of $2,222,877 with actual assett of $4,481,478. If these assets are actually "actual," it is evident that any sympathy felt for Mr. Roach's misfortunes has been misplaced. His assignment is now in effect acknowledged to have been only a shrewd "dodge," intended to secure him from the possible consequences of the Navy Department's action, in case Attorney-General Garland's opinion should be made the basis of legal proceedings against him.

The election of Cleveland was carried by the Democracy on pledges of purer politics and reform in the government. So far as Cleveland is concerned, we are glad to say, the pledge is being redeemed. But Democrats must not sit down now and think Cleveland will do all the watching and put his foot down on all corrupt politicians and their corrupt ways. The rank and file must keep watching and point at corruption whenever it raises its head.

We are led to these remarks by a recent pointer of our Bellefonte correspondent, who called attention to a new and petty practice of bribery, paying of hotel bills by candidates for delegates to the state convention and for office. This is as much a bribe as if money were offered for support, and we are only sorry "Josephus" did not mention the name or names. When Sup't Wolf was elected last time, a few directors who, no doubt, had been bribed in this manner in political convention, asked him to pay their hotel bills because they had voted for him. He heard the demand with just scorn. Another correspondent has made an equally just exposure, that of a petty attempt to become conspicuous by violating rule 9 of the party which fixes the locality of the delegate. Now if these exposures of crookedness are kept up as they become known, petty rascality will not live long in any party, and honest men will say Amen.

INDIAN SCHOOLS.

The Pupils Show Themselves Susceptible of Civilization.

Washington, August 20.—Mr. John H. Oberly, the new Superintendent of Indian Schools, has made a report to the Secretary of the Interior in relation to the condition of the Chilocco Indian Industrial School in the Indian Territory and the Haskell Institute at Lawrence, Ky. At the Chilocco school the report states that there are 176 pubils. They have only two teachers, both young ladies and Superintendent Oberly says they are overworked. The male pupils are taught farm work and the females are taught general housework, sewing, cooking, etc. Superintendent Oberly speaks in the highest terms of Haskell Institue where he says the pupils are rapidly acquiring a knowledge of the English language and are doing as well in their industrial and mechanical training as in their studies.

THE WHEAT SITUATION.

The Louisville *Courier Journal*, a justly recognized authority on agricultural matters, comments upon the condition of affairs which has followed the harvesting of a wheat crop of fully 200,000,000 bushels, records it as in no way remrkable, since "there is an immense supply on hand and a feeling of lethargy seems to pervade the foreign markets." The visible supply is a very cumbrous clog upon the immediate market. According to the latest reports it now amounts to 39,000,000 bushels, nearly three times as great as the supply on hand a year ago, twice as great as two years ago and fully 100 per cent. greater than the average at the corresponding dates of 1882, 1881 and 1880. These accumulations have taken place on comparatively moderate prices, foreign demand having been indifferent and exacting, largely in consequence of the big stocks thrown into European distributing quarters as a consequence of the war excitement of last spring. Latterly foreign buyers have also appeared to be operating on the theory that the United States will be obliged to force sales of their accumulations to make way for the new crop. It is a very noticeable and promising fact, however, that Europe is not buying elsewhere while waiting for the inducement to buy in the United States. The supply afloat has been diminished by more than 8,000,000 bushels in a month and a half.

At the same time there is an abundance of misrepresentation. A writer in the New York *Tribune*, discussing the outlook of breadstuffs, adopts the Washington estimate of yield—357,000,000 bushels—and, after showing that the average yield of the last eight years was 444,000,000 bushels, he jumps to the conclusion that the old crop surplus at the last harvest was 120,000,000 bushels, and concludes, therefore, that the supply is 477,000,000 bushels. He adds that "this is more than the average yield." He thus chooses to confound the annual yield with the annual supply. If to the average yield of the eight years 75 per cent. of the present assumed surplus is added, the average annual supply would foot up 534,000,000 bushels, against his 477,000,000 bushels for 1885-76. There has not been such an average supply in this period or any other, but this would be the conclusion from the premises advanced by the *Tribune*. The combined crop and supply of 1885-86 are by this writer placed in comparison with the crop alone in the preceeding eight years. The exports of wheat in the last eight years have averaged about 139,000,000 bushels, and the present consumption in the United States is about 320,000,000 bushels, a total of 459,000,000; so that, if exportation diminishes by 39,000,000 and home consumption by 20,000,000, there will be a demand for 400,000,000 bushels, out of a crop of 357,000,000 bushels, plus the unknown quantity of the old crop surplus.

But be the light in which speculators view the market what it may, they should at the same time bear in mind that the present situation creates immense opportunities for manipulation against the public, and for the immediate present the position is very hazardous for dealers on either side of the account. Among the devices of late employed to influence the market have been constant rumors of deterioration and heating in elevator grain. These rumors have been proven false once or twice in respect to Western elevators, and a statement that New York elevator stock had been seriously degraded has been disproven within the past week.

HAVING A TUSSLE WITH MR. J. GOULD.

The Knights of Labor to Strike on the Entire Gould Railroad System.

St. Louis, Aug. 18.—The General Executive Committee of the Knights of Labor were in session again this afternoon and to-night, and formulated and issued the following important order:

"Owing to the persistent fight of the Wabash Company against the Knights of Labor, the General Executive Board deems it advisaale to issue the following order to all assemblies on the Union Pacific Railroad and the Gould Southwest system:

"To all assemblies on the above lines of railways: All Knights of Labor in the employ of the Union Pacific and its branches and Gould's Southwest system or any other railroad must refuse to repair or handle in any manner Wabash rolling stock until further orders from the General Executive Board, and if this order is antagonized by any company through any of its officials your Executive Committee is hereby ordered to call out all the Knights of Labor on any or all of the above systems without further action. By order of the General Executive Board. FRED'K TURNER, Treasurer and Secretary."

"THE ladies especially go into ecstacies over Parker's Hair Balsam," writes Mr. J. H. Decker, druggist, of Findlay, Ohio. "They say it is the most elegant dressing they ever used." Stops falling hair, restores color, promotes growth. aug

TROUBLE AHEAD OF THE VANDERBILT SCHEME.

Harrisburg, August 14.—It is confidently asserted in some official circles that the Attorney-General of the Commonwealth will interpose to prevent the consummation of the bargain between Mr. Vanderbilt and the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, by which the South Pennsylvania and Beech Creek Railroads come under the control of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Section 4 of article 17 of the Censtitution specifically prohibits the consolidation or merger of competing railroads or other carrying corporations. It has always been held that legislation was necessary to make the provision operative, and during the eleven years that has elapsed since the adoption of the Constitution the Legislature has persistently refused to adopt the "appropriate legislation." At the last session Senator William A. Wallace, President of the Beech Creek Railroad, who occupied a seat on the floor of Senate, made strenuous efforts to pass a bill covering the subject through, but failed. His bill enacted the constitutional provision into statute law, and provided penalties for the violation of it. Senator Cooper, the Chairman of the Republican State Committee, led the opposition, and by invoking party disciplinary measures defeated it in a Legislature that was Republican in both branches.

It is now believed that both Senators Wallace and Cooper were guided in their labors by an idea that such a deal as has been attempted was in contemplation, and that Wallace aimed to protect himself and his friends in the State who were subscribers to the South Pennsylvania and Beech Creek enterprise against the plans of Vanderbilt, while Cooper had in view the interests of the other corporation and the promotion of Vanderbilt's plans. It is remembered also that an effort to procure an endorsement of the prohibition provision of the Constitution in the Republican platform a month ago was defeated by Senator Cooper's friends. It is said that the process which the Attorney-General will adopt will reach the question, notwithstanding the failure of the Legisalture to adopt the "appropriate legislation." The South Pennsylvania and Beech Creek roads were chartered by the State since the adoption of the Constitution of 1873, and consequently became amenable to its prohibition clauses without additional legislation. Those shareholders in the two corporations to be absorbed will apply to the Attorney-General for a mandamus to prohibit the majority shareowners from disposing of the franchises granted to the roads in that way, and the Attorney-General will rule in their favor and ask the Governor to revoke the charters. The best lawyers express the belief that this course will defeat Mr. Vanderbilt's scheme and compel him to proceed with the work of building the roads or forfeit his interest, amounting to something like five millions of dollars.

BEN BUTLER AS A COWBOY.

Benjamin F. Butler is going into the cattle business, and will no doubt make money out of it. A man who can stand in the centre of a ten acre lot and see around the corner of a wagon shed in the next township ought to make one of the greatest cowboys in the profession.

THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK.

For the past three years the business interests of the country have been at a standstill compared with former years of prosperity which we have enjoyed. But there is every evidence that a revival in every department of trade and commerce will inevitably follow on the heels of this stagnation. It is law that governs the financial as well as the physical world. Over production has been the cause of the rediculously low prices for almost every commodity. But the supply has been well nigh exhausted, and there is every reason to feel hopeful as respects business for the coming year. The railroads are behind half a million tons of rails for necessary maintenance. This must be provided, and their peculiar necessities must be provided, and in consequence cannot be deferred many more months. The dealers in all lines of trade, who lay in supplies this fall, will a year hence be numbered among the fortunate, and regarded as men of business fore sight and sagacity.

The subject of "Sewage Disposal in Cities" is one of the most important which the possible approach of cholera brings to public attention. Dr. J. S. Billings, U. S. A., has written an eight-page article for Harpers Magazine, in which is compressed a plain, simple account of the present knowledge of epidemic disease, and the preventive methods now thought to be best, in connection with city sanitation. It will appear in the September issue.

"Across the Country with a Cavalry Column," is the subject of a paper, and of a number of spirited illustrations, by the artist Zogbaum, continuing his studies of army life, which will appear in the September Harper's.

KILLED BY LIGHTNING.

New Orleans, Aug. 22.—In St. Charles parish yesterday afternoon a lot of colored field hands took refuge under a tree during a storm. Lightning struck the tree killing five of them.

RESOLUTIGNS AND RULES.

The recent Democratic Co. Convention passed the following resolutions and rules:

RESOLUTIONS.

The Democracy of Centre county in Convention assembled unanimously declare:

1. Opposition to the open violation of section 4, of article seventeenth of the constitution in the sale and transfer to parallel and competing railroad lines to an already overgrown corporation to the irreparable injury and damage of the people of the commonwealth. We invoke the judicial power of the state to prevent the perpetration of this outrage upon the people.

2. Opposition to discrimination in freights by abatement, draw-back or otherwise.

3. The adoption of a platform by the state convention on the single issue of anti-discrimination.

4. The democracy of Centre county pledge themselves, their nominees and representatives in Senate, Assembly and Congress to follow where an honest and fearless chief magistrate has dared to lead in the reform of the flagrant abuses and corruption of twenty-four years of Republican rule. We enthusiastically endorse the policy of the administration and commend Grover Cleveland for the faithful observance and maintenance of his pledge of reform in administrative methods made before his election.

5. The fidelity, ability and conscientiousness with which the Hon. Robert E. Pattison has met and discharged his duties as chief Executive of this state and especially his use of the veto power in defeating vicious legislation entitles him to the highest admiration of the people of the state.

6. The Democracy of this county commend the distinguished services of Hon. A. G. Curtin, who in season and out of season faithfully guards and cares for the interests and welfare of his people.

7. We heartily commend the course of Hons. Wm. A. Wallace, John A. Woodward and Leonard Rhone, Senator and Representatives in the Legislature of Pennsylvania, for their honest advocacy of the measure to break up the discrimination in freights by railroads.

RULES.

That the following be adopted by this convention and be recommended for adoption by the party at the first mass meeting which shall hereafter be held by the Democracy of the county as amendments to the rules for better goveenment of the party, and to be known as Rules 17, 18 and 19:

Rule 17—The county committee shall assess for campaign purposes the candidates for the several offices, which assessment shall be made so as to cover the printing of tickets, stickers and all other necessary and legitimate expenses of the campaign, and no candidate shall be subject to an assessment or charge for any other service on support whatsoever. Nor shall the committee lay any unreasonable or unjust assessment upon any cancidate or candidates.

Rule 18—The county committee shall at its first meeting in each and every year hereafter elect a treasurer, who shall not be a member of the standing committee and who shall be the custodian of the funds of the commitiee and shall pay out said funds for necessary and legitimate campaign expenses on orders drawn upon him by the chairman of the committee and attested by the secretary.

Rule 19—The committee shall at the first meeting in each and every year elect three competent persons neither of whom shall be a member of the committee whose duty it shall be to audit the accounts of the committee and the Treasurer at the end of each campaign, and make a report thereof on or before the first of January of each year. Which said report shall be open to the inspection of all Democrats. All balances found upon settlement of said accounts in the hands of the treasurer shall be paid to his successor in office.

THE CHOLERA PLAGUE.

The Dread Epidemic Spreading Northward

A Special Treatment.

Madrid, August 20.—There were 4,109 new cases of cholera and 1,541 deaths from that disease in Spain yesterday.

The only wealthy persons who have been attacked by the cholera scorge are public officials, who are compelled to visit the hotbeds of the infections. Many persons are returning to the city, which they consider safer than the provinces.

The doctors who went from Madrid to Granada have died from the disease. A doctor who saved fourteen out of fifteen patients in the second stage of the infecton by administering an enema of ether has been authorized to apply the remedy in the hospital.

EXPLOSION OF MILL DUST.

Toledo, Ohio, August 18.—An explosion took place this morning in the shaving vault of Morgan's plaining mill. It is supposed either gas was generated by a smothered fire among the shavings in the vault, or else the fine dust caught fire in some unknown manner and exploded like flour dust. The building caught fire, but the flames were extinguished. Herman Poppinfuse, a boy employed in the mill, was struck by falling bricks and timber and seriously injured, though probably not fatally. F. Deyman, the foreman, had his head cut open by a flying brick. Damage about $5,000.

LESSON FROM A MASTODON.

The tusks of a mastodon recently found in Illinois weighed 175 pounds each. What a gigantic toothache that animal must have been capable of having! And such neuralgia! Neuralgia, or nerveache, generally proceeds from a disordered condition of the blood. Brown's Iron Bitters enriches and purifies this and drives neuralgia out. W. W. Redman, Piqua, Ohio, says, "Brown's Iron Bitters permanently cured me of neuralgia."

THREE FOUL MURDERS.

Sunbury, Pa., August 23.—Patrick Henry shot George Brown in Milton on Saturday night. Both are colored.

Henry, who gave himself up and is in jail here, says there was an old grudge between Brown and himself and about ten o'clock he met Brown with a white man on Main street. The white man was intoxicated and proposed a fight. Brown then stepped up to Henry and said, "I'll lick you," and at the same time put his hand into his hip pocket. Henry got away from them as soon as possible, and went home and got a revolver.

Some time afterward he met the party on Elm street, and Brown said, "Now I'll lick you," and again placed his hand in his hip pocket. Henry then drew his revolver and fired, the ball striking Brown in the left breast, inflicting a wound from which he will die.

KILLED HIS MISTRESS AND HIS SISTER.

Chicago, Aug. 22.—Late last night in a sparsely populated section of the town of Lake, Sarah Snyder, mistress of Cornelius O'Leary, was shot and instantly killed, and Kate O'Leary, sister of the supposed murderer, was so badly wounded by a pistol shot that she will probably die. It is believed to be almost certain that O'Leary killed his mistress and then attempted to take the life of his sister, as shortly previous the trio were seen drinking beer. O'Leary has not yet been found. The wounded woman refuses to say anything whatever about the affair.

A DOUBLE MURDER.

Springfield, Ill., Aug. 23.—This morning Leonard Gardner, who spent the night in jail for wife beating, procured bail and was released. He immediately armed himself with two revolvers and became loud in threats against Policemen Camp and Gall who arrested him. About noon Gardner saw two officers approaching on Washington street and opened fire. Camp fell dead. Gall returned the fire rapidly, and in a minute Gardner fell pierced with three bullets. He died instantly. Officer Gall fell with two bullets in him. If is thought he will die.

HON. DAN'L J. MORRELL DEAD.

Johnstown, August 20.—Hon. Daniel Johnson Morrell, of the Cambria Iron Company, died at his home here this morning.

Mr. Morrill was born in North Berwick, Me., on August 8, 1821, being the seventh child in a family of ten. His parent were Quakers. His entire schooling did not exceed two years, and when 16, Daniel came to Philadelphia. After numerous changes Mr. Morrell in 1855 assumed the management of the Cambria Iron Works at Johnstown. In 1866 Mr. Morrell was elected to Congress, but was defeated in 1870 by Hon. R. Milton Speer. While in Congress Mr. Morrell was the chief promotor of the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia.

ELOPED WITH A CHINAMAN.

Newark, Ohio, August 18.—Wang Poo, a Chinaman, who for eighteen months has run a laundry here, ran away with Miss Lizzie Scott, seventeen years old, daughter of a much respected citizen. Lizzie had been working for Wang Poo for several months. They became very fond of each other. The police at Columbus arrested the runaways, but let them go upon receiving a telegram from the girl's parents that they would not incur any expense to have the girl returned. The eloping pair took a train west from Columbus. Their return as man and wife is expected.

INSANE FROM THE USE OF TOBACCO.

Chicago, August 20.—Henry and Geo. Flinchman, two brothers, aged 19 and 22 respectively, who have been carrying on a commission business on South Canal Street, several weeks ago showed symptoms of insanity, Henry's symptoms manifested themselves in his disposition to flying flat-irons at people. Both were melancholy and could not sleep. The county physician thought their derangement was owing to their excessive use of tobacco. They were adjudged insane today and sent to the County Insane Asyum.

THERE is no use fighting nature. Dr. Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy" does nothing of that kind. It does not make the sufferers who trust it worse under the pretense of doing them good. It acts tenderly and in sympathy with what nature herself is trying to accomplish. Do you have trouble with your digestion, your liver or your kidneys? Does rheumatism pain and rack you? Is your head thick and heavy? It will charm away these ailments almost ere you are aware. aug

On Sunday, 16, at the little village of Leaky, Baudara county, Texas, George Tutweiler, a farmer, shot a hawk that was just rising with a young chicken in its talons. The bullet passed through the hawk and over a hundred yards distant into a thicket, where it penetrated the heart of Albert Johnson, a neighbor and intimate friend of Tutweiler. Johnson ran over fifty yards after he was struck, then fell and expired. The bullet passed through the centre of the heart. Tutweiler was exhonerated by the Coroner's jury.

A WALKING SKELETON.

Mr. E. Springer, of Mechanicsburg, Pa., writes: "I was afflicted with lung fever and abscess on lungs, and reduced to a walking skeleton. Got a trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, which did me so much good that I bought a dollar bottle. After using three bottles, found myself once more a man, completely restored to health, with a hearty appetite and a gain in flesh of 48 pounds."

Call at Zeller & Son's, Bellefonte, and get a free trial bottle of this certain cure or all lung diseases. Large bottles $1.

For the prompt and certain cure of erysipelas use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which is the specific endorsed by the most eminent medical authorities.

A SANE WOMAN 20 YEARS IN AN ASSYLUM.

Miss Adrinna Physick Brinckle was recently released from the State Lunatic Asylum, at Harrisburg, where she had been confined for twenty-seven years on the charge of "extravagance and excentricity." She is a daughter of the late Dr. Wm. Draper Brinckle, a physician who enjoyed a large practice and moved in the highest circles of society in Philadelphia thirty years ago. Miss Brinckle was an acknowledged belle, but was extremely extravagant. An unfortunate crisis in the financial standing of her father made it impossible for him to pay her bills. Adrianna was unable to overcome her extravagant habits, and "to save the family honor," Miss Brinckle was sent to the asylum, entering the institution July, 1858.

When the twelfth annual Conference of Charities and Correction met in Washington last June, one of the delegates made a statement which led to an investigation, and Miss Brinckle was visited at the asylum, and a committee reported that there was no evidence of insanity in her case. Representatives of the State Committee on Lunacy visited her, and then the order came and she was sent out a free woman. Upon her arrival in Philadelphia she was taken to the convalescents' retreat near Glen Mills, where she is being tenderly cared for.

Miss Brinckle is now a gray-haired woman of 60, in full possession of all her faculties, and in good bodily health.

CHOLERA DECREASES.

Madrid, August 20.—There were 4,271 new cases of cholera and 1,448 deaths throughout Spain Tuesday.

BIG LOSS OF LIFE.

Berlin, August 22.—The report of the wreck of the German corvette August is confirmed. Her crew of 238 officers and sailors were lost in a cyclone in the Red Sea.

DIED.

At Aaronsburg, suddenly of heart disease, on Sabbath morning, 16 instant, Wm. Harter, aged 74 years, 7 months, 18 days. He was born on the farm owned by him, one mile south of Aaronsburg, where he lived until 60 years of age, when he retired and moved to Aaronsburg. Was married on Dec. 28, 1833, to Miss Rebecca Hess, who is now left a widow. He was the father of 12 children, 8 sons and 4 daughters, all of whom were present to pay their last tribute of respect at his tomb.

We Want 1,000 More BOOK AGENTS for the Personal History of

U. S. GRANT.

40,000 copies already sold. We want one agent in every Grand Army Post and in every township. Send for Special Terms to Agents, or secure agency at once by sending 50 cents in stamps for outfit. Address FORSHEE & McMAKIN, aug26 Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE LOCOMOTIVE IN WINTER.

A locomotive cab in Winter is a dreary place. It is bad in daytime, but on a Winter night, when the snow flies fast, the locomotive is a good place to keep out of. Even in the day it is impossible to see anything if a snow storm prevails. The rails run right up into the air. Nothing can be seen ahead but a jumping off place. The windows are frozen up or covered with snow, and from innumerable cracks and crevices around the floor where it joins the boiler come draughts that bite and sting. The engine caws like a crow—haugh, haugh, now fast, now slow, according as the drifts cover the track or uncover it for a brief space, and when it strikes a drift it throws the snow in blinding clouds all over itself, just as the spray flies over a vessel shipping a sea. The track is rough, for the frost has disturbed it, and the engine lurches ahead, staggering to and fro like a drunken man. There are few more impressive spectacles in this world than a powerful locomotive laboring through a heavy snow-storm. To the observer beside the track it looms up through the gloom tremendous and awful. The locomotive seems the embodiment of the Death Angel, moving swiftly and noiselessly. The snow has muffled the whir of the rolling friction of the wheels on the rails, and the train glides by like the unsubstantial pageant of a dream. With its black breath, its snorts of fire, its hoarse voice, it is truly Apollyon, the destroying angel, and the man must be unimpressible indeed who does not feel a thrill at its advent.

RAPIDITY OF THOUGHT.

Prof. Donders, of Utrecht, recently made some interesting experiments in regard to the rapidity of thought. By means of two instruments, which he calls the noematachograph and the noernatachometer, he promises some interesting and important results. For the present, he writes that a single idea requires the brain to act .067 of a second for its elaboration. Doubtless the time required is not the same for all brains, and that, by means of these instruments, we may obtain definite indications relative to the mental calibre of our friends. What invaluable instruments they would be for nominating caucuses for officers, for trustees of colleges, for merchants in want of bookkeepers, for manufacturers needing machinists—in short, for all having appointments of any kind to make.

For an eye to receive an impression requires .077 of a second, and for the ear to appreciate a sound, .140 of a second are necessary. The eye, therefore, acts with nearly double the rapidity of the ear.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

—Colonel A. G. Sharpe, Chief Post-office Inspector, has resigned and his resignation has been accepted. James Maynard, present Chief Clerk of the Division Inspectors, will temporarily take Colonel Sharpe's place. Professor J. E. Hilgard, the suspended Superintendent of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, resigned on the 7th and his resignation was accepted.

—It is officially announced that the President, since the beginning of his term, has made 467 appointments of Postmasters, of which 274 were to vacancies caused by expiration of terms or resignation and 193 in place of suspended officers.

—The Montezuma Hotel at the Hot Springs, New Mexico, was burned on the 8th. The hotel was owned by the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad Company. It was opened in April last. The company's hotel on the same site was burned eighteen months ago. The fire is attributed to incendiarism. It broke out in an attic in the servants' quarters. The loss is estimated at nearly $250,000.

—After five months of unremitting labor the President has gone off to the Adirondacks for a holiday, and every one will agree that he has earned it.

—Drexel & Co. have acknowledged additional subscriptions to the Grant Memorial Fund amounting to $157, making the total $2677.

—The Southern Exposition at Louisville, which opens on the 15th instant, is said by a despatch from Louisville to be "in a more advanced state than any great exposition ever was so near its opening. The floor is already covered with the foreign exhibit that came from New Orleans, and new displays from foreign countries are arriving every day."

—The railway station at Wheatland, Dakota, was broken open on the 9th, and mail-bags were stolen, together with valises from the express office department. The pouches were found half a mile west, cut open, and the contents missing. The pouches contained a large amount in checks and drafts, and a small amount in money. All the other mail matter was burned.

—The steamer Zelandia arrived at San Francisco on the 10th, with Maxwell, the alleged murderer, on board. Maxwell when questioned by reporters, refused to make any statement respecting the crime with which he is charged, saying "that he had been advised by his counsel before leaving Auckland not to open his mouth except to put food in it." He looked cheerful and said "he never felt better in his life,"

—An incendiary fire in Frankfort, Kentucky, on the 10th, destroyed a block of buildings, including four stores. Loss $54,00 ; insurance $40,000.

—A train on the Boston and Maine Railroad ran into the rear of a gravel car at Kittery on the 6th. Luke Palmer, engineer, was fatally injured by being thrown heavily against the boiler head.

—The recent general army order sending officers back to their regiments after four years' detached duty meets approval in military circles in Washington. An officer said on the 10th that it meant "the resurrection of the army."

—It has been discovered that James Whelan, recently appointed U. S. Consul at Fort Erie, Canada, took part in the Fenian raid of 1866. The appointment has aroused great indignation at Fort Erie, and petitions are being signed by all the inhabitants of th town praying that he shall not be al lowed to take office.

—The Commission appointed to investigate Postmaster Jones, of Indianapolis, report that he did not violate the Civil Service law.

—President Cleveland and Dr. Ward on the 11th, reached Upper Saranac Lake, their destination in the Adirondacks. "They had a pleasant, uneventful buckboard ride of 47 miles from the railroad terminus at Au Sable."

—Assistant Naval Constructors Hanscom, Hoover, Gatewood and Nixon met at the Delaware Iron Works, Chester, Pennsylvania, on the 11th to make an examination and take an inventory of the three crusiers, Chicago, Atlanta and Boston, which were being constructed by John Roach.

—The farmers' Assembly of Virginia began its first convention on the 11th in Richmond. Forty-two counties were represented by seventy-five delegates. H. L. D. Lewis, of Clarke county, was elected chairman. He said, on taking his seat, that "the organization would partake of a political nature, as the farmers of the State desired representation in the next General Assembly." County roads and public schools will receive attention.

—Congress at the last session appropriated $100,000 for the transporation of about $40,000,000 in gold coin from the sub-Treasury at San Francisco to the sub-Treasury at New York. Owing to the high rates asked by the express companies, the Secretary of the Treasury decided to transfer the coin by registered mail. So far about $10,000,000 have been transported in this way. The money was mailed in $100,000 packages. "In view, however, of the publicity of the method of transporation, it has been deemed best to suspend further shipments of the precious metal for the present."

—A heavy rain and thunder storm visited Kansas City, Missouri, before daybreak on the 11th. Cellars and streets in all parts of the city were flooded. Two brick stores collapsed during the storm, their defective foundations having been weakened by the flood.

—The Smith Court-martial, in Washington, has completed its labors and temporarily adjourned. The findings will be sent to the President for approval or disapproval. Until the President has acted nothing is likely to be known of the result.

—Ex-Governor Moses, of South Carolina, was recently released from the jail of Middlesex county, Massachusetts, where he served a term for obtaining money under false pretences. On the 11th he was taken before the Superior Criminal Court in Boston on the charge of having obtained money from Messrs. Cobb, Ames and other Bostonians by false pretences in representing that he was a Colonel Simms, of Charleston.

—The people of Bristol, Tennessee, on the 11th voted unanimously to subscribe $50,000 towards the building of the South Atlantic Railroad. The road will extend from Bristol to Stone Gap, Tennessee, and connect with the Kentucky system. The line will open a vast mineral and timber country.

—The first bale of new cotton was received at Mobile, Alabama on the 12th, from Shubula, Mississippi. It was classed as strict middling and was sold at 15½ cents per pound. One bale of new cotton from Macon, Georgia, and one from South Carolina were received at Charleston, South Carolina, on the 12th. It was sampled, accepted and classified as strict low middling and middling, respectively.

—The colored citizens of Frederick, Maryland, on the 12th celebrated the signing of the Emaucipation Proclamation. About 3000 visitors from Baltimore, Washington, York Harrisburg and neighboring towns participated. There was a parade and a public meeting, at which addresses were made by Thomas Dent, of Georgia; Milton Urner and Louis E. McComas, of Maryland, and others.

—The National Society of American Florists met on the 12th in Cincinnati. Mayor Smith delivered an address of welcome. Delegates were present from all parts of the United States.

—A tornado in Norwood, St. Lawrence county, New York, on the 12th, destroyed several buildings and the Ogdensburg and Lake Champlain Railroad bridge. A number of persons were killed, among them being John Martin, Mrs. David Fitzgibbons and Mrs. Armstrong. Five hundred excursionists from Plattsburg to Ogdensburg are detained at the latter city owing to the destruction of the bridge. Details are meagre, as telegraph communication is interrupted.

—During a fight in a tenement house in Boston on the 12th, between John Cullen and Timothy and John Caffey, the former was stabbed and died in a few minutes.

—The Greenback and National Labor Party of Pennsylvania met on the 12th in Erie. Forty-two delegates were present, representing 21 counties. Resolutions in favor of the substitution of greenbacks for National bank currency, and the prevention of discrimination by railroads were adopted. Dr. N. C. Whitney, of Warren county, was nominated for State Treasurer, and T. P. Ryder, of Butler county, was chosen Chairman of the State Committee.

—The City Council of Quebec held a meeting on the 12th, the first time since the death of General Grant. Resolutions were adopted expressing sympathy with the people of the United States "in their loss of one of their most estimable citizens, one of their greatest Generals.

—As an express train was approaching the station at Richfield, New Jersey, on the 13th, it ran into a lager beer wagon, killed the driver and a boy. At Hartford, Connecticut, about nine o'clock on the 13th, while some cars were being drawn out of the New York and New England yard to make up a train, the body of a boy named Rizy, a son of Prof. F. X. Rizy, was found beside the track. It is supposed that he had gone to sleep under the cars.

—George Turner, ex-United States District Judge of Virginia, and ex-Chief Justice of Nevada, committed suicide by shooting himself through the head in San Francisco on the 12th. He left a note saying that ill health caused the deed.

—Aaron J. Vanderpool on the 13th received from Secretary Whitney an informal letter, in which the Secretary said that the Government ships would be finished in the Roach yards, by his men, under his superintendency, and with suggestions and supervision by Messrs. Loring and Wilson. The latter would meantime complete the inventories and receive the appraisal of Mr. Roach's assets from the board of five who will make the appraisal.

—The Agricultural State Convention of Georgia, in session at Marietta, has elected L. F. Livingston President for the ensuing year. Resolutions were adopted for a representation of the Georgia Agricultural Society at the American Exposition to be held in London next year.

—The Associated Bessemer Steel Rail Manufacturers met on the 13th at Long Branch. It was unanimously agreed "to reduce the production of steel rails so as not to exceed the demand, and to enable manufacturers to make rails at remunerative prices next year."

—The rate of taxation in New York for the current year is fixed at $2.40. It was $2.25 last year.

—A convention to nominate a successor to Judge Holland, of the First Judicial Circuit of Maryland, met on the 13th in Ocean City. At last accounts 123 ballots had been taken without result. The candidates are Judge Holland and George W. Purnell.

—Vice President Hendricks arrived in Chicago on the 13th from New York. He was to leave in the evening for Waukesha, Wisconsin. Postmaster General Vilas left Washington on the 13th for the West, for a vacation of three or four weeks.

—A telegram from San Francisco says the Central Pacific Land Office, while making up a map of the railroad lands in Idaho and Utah, made the strange discovery that Idaho claimed one boundary line and Utah another, and that a strip of land two and a half miles wide, extending across the northern part of Utah, was left, which by the survey does not belong to either. The surveys used are those filed at Salt Lake City and Boise City.

—Large deposits of mica are said to have been found in New Mexico.

—There is a gorge in Yellowstone Park where no sound can be heard.

THE PLOWBOY'S SONG.

The sun peeps over Punderson Hill·
Gee, Whitefoot, gee!
The fading moon is fading still;
Gee, Whitefoot, gee!
I know somebody, tall and fair—
Somebody with such golden hair
The sunshine follows her everywhere;
Gee, Whitefoot, gee!

Come from your shady home on the hill;
Haw, Whitefoot, haw!
And tell to me your own sweet will;
Haw, Whitefoot, haw!
Daisies are nodding in the lanes,
Birds are singing their sweet refrains,
Telling of all their happy gains.
Haw, Whitefoot, haw!

O, somebody's face will look, some day,—
Gee, Whitefoot, gee!
Out from her curtained window gay,—
Gee, Whitefoot, gee!
Just for me, o'er the hills away,
Brushing dew, in the morning grey
From off the blooms in early May—
Gee, Whitefoot, gee!

HAL'S BABY.

It was a bleak December night and the wind blew a gale. Hal and I boarded the limited express for New York at Chicago and were enjoying a cigar in the smoker. Hal had fallen asleep and I was busily absorbed in my own reflections. I glanced casually and with little interest at the scenes through which I was being rapidly whirled. It was only when twilight shut out visible objects and the lowering clouds overhead grew black, I awakened to the consciousness that it was night and that Hal had been sleeping an hour.

"Come old fellow," I said, shaking him, "wake up!"

"Hello!" he exclaimed, rousing himself and looking a little stupid.

"Nice sociable chap for a companion, I must say."

"How long have I been asleep?" sitting upright and looking around him.

"About an hour, I should judge."

"Well, between you and me, Will, I needed it. I didn't go to bed at all last night; so much to be done, all at the last moment."

"That's a fine excuse for you to give," I said dryly. Hal laughed. He was the best natured chap in the world. A big, strapping fellow, standing six feet high, with merry blue eyes, clear-cut features and fair almost to womanliness. He was a great swell, too, and a universal favorite.

"Abominable night," he muttered, a little irritably for him, "and confoundedly cold, too. I have had just about half enough sleep, Will, and if you don't mind it I'll get to bed."

"That suits me." I replied "I am with you.

We crossed the platform and stepped into the other car. A gust of wind and snow whizzed past as we opened the door, which called forth another grumbling imprecation from Hal relative to the weather. Decidedly he was sleepy. There were not many passengers on board, and these the invariable travelers one is sure to encounter. First came a garrulous old gentleman, very thin with white hair, who occupied four seats and essayed to read by the uncertain light of the railroad lamp, which was of no more use than those lamps usually are, and quite as ornamental. Then came the commercial traveler, who was disposed to take things as he found them, and wore an expression rather bland than otherwise.

A portly old lady with a bird cage and several bandboxes next attracted my attention. A spinster who sat upright in a most rigid position, and an insipid Miss of 17 or thereabouts traveling in care of the conductor, together with a thick, stout, thick-set man of uncertain age and occupation, made up the list of passengers. No, there was another; I had quite overlooked him. He came on the train while we were in the smoker. A tall, dark man of about 40 years, with a pale haggard face and hollow, sunken eyes. His berth had been made up and he was seated on one side of it, his head resting on his hand, when Hal and I entered the car. A shrill little voice which echoed through the silent car caused everyone to turn round in the direction whence it came.

"By all that's unlucky," groaned Hal. "A baby!"

"Not a doubt of it," I agreed.

"And good lungs it has, too," he went on pattishly. "I wish it would be quiet."

But the baby hadn't the slightest notion of this. To speak the truth he had not begun yet. The shrill cry continued growing louder and louder; the passengers commenced staring hard at the berth and harder at one another. The garrulous old gentleman laid aside his magazine and remarked sarcastically: "This is pleasant."

The portly lady opened her watery eyes as wide as she could and exclaimed: "Dear me!"

The spinster wore an air of virtuous triumph and said nothing. I dare say she congratulated herself upon her lucky escape. The commercial traveler looked wicked. Hal, I am sorry to say, swore, and tumbled into bed in no very enviable frame of mind.

Presently every one sought his or her resting place, the lamps were lowered, and the porter made himself as comfortable as the rules of the company would permit. But through it all that baby cried. The storm raging without was mild in comparison with the storm raging within.

"By jove!" exclaimed Hal, "bed is a mockery. Of all the nuisances I ever came in contact this takes the palm. What do the parents mean by letting it scream like that? Why don't they attend properly to their business?"

At this he opened the curtains, looked out, and called to me, said:

"Will, the father has it and he's holding it upside down."

The tall, dark man was striding up and down carrying, and most clumsily at that, the child who appeared to be about two years old, and who beat him with her little fist and struggled to get on the floor, all the time crying lustily. The dark gentleman was perfectly unmoved. He paced the car in a mechanical way, paying not the slightest heed either to the baby or to the uncharitable remarks he could not fail to overhear. An hour passed, and still the night was made hideous by those piercing screams.

"Thunderation!" roared Hal, "will the little beggar never have done?" Seemingly not, for at that very moment she burst into fresh and more vigorous cries.

"Pitch her out of the window," suggested the stout gentleman.

"Do something," murmured the commercial traveler.

"Let her cry; it's likely to kill her," put in the spinster, complacently.

"In the name of Heaven," exclaimed Hal, springing out of bed in desperation and intercepting the dark gentleman in his march, "why don't you give that child to her mother? That is what she wants. Give her to her mother and be done with it."

"Sir," said the dark gentleman, stopping and speaking deliberately, "and you all, ladies and gentleman," turning and addressing the heads bobbing from behind the curtains, "I beg to apologize for the disturbance my little one has caused, and the great annoyance you have been forced to endure. Believe me, I would have done anything in my power to prevent it. You," to Hal, "suggest I give her to her mother. Sir, her mother is in the front car in the coffin. I must do the best I can."

No one spoke a word, and every head disappeared in his or her curtain in a trice. Hal stood dumbfounded for a moment, and then drawing himself up and speaking manfully, said:

"I humbly beg your pardon. I ought to be ashamed of myself, and so I am. Go to bed and give the young lady to me."

"But do you think you could—"

"I think so, if I tried."

"Thank you. A little rest will be a great boon."

"Come here, Miss," said Hal, holding out his arms. Come along, or I'll take you anyhow."

To his utter amazement the tiny hands were immediately stretched out to him, and with a little sigh the baby nestled against his shoulder.

"By all that's mysterious, Will look at this."

Miss baby's arms were tightly around his neck, Miss baby's cheek was pressed against his own. I saw Hal start, and then he clasped the little creature closer and kissed her dimpled hands and face, and held her tenderly in his great strong arms.

"Will, come and see her," he called, she's prettier than a picture."

And when I crept out and stole a look at the fairy there she lay in all her baby beauty with a sweet smile curving her rosy lips, and her golden hair falling in tangled curls over her little flushed forehead.

"She is pretty," I admitted.

"Pretty!" echoed Hal. "Well I should think so. Will, you may not believe it, but I'd give a good round sum if she belonged to me; I would, upon my word,"

And when he looked up there was such earnestness in his face I knew he meant it.

He held her so all night, scarcely breathing less he should disturb her, and when he parted with her in the morning there was a tear glistening on baby's white hand, and I knew it was on the one Hal had kissed last, before giving her back to her father.

Trades for American Boys.

The trades in our country, of late years, has been almost monopolized by foreigners. The American boy, however, when he does take a trade, goes straight on to the top of the ladder. It seems as if our boys would rather be fourth-rate lawyer or physicians than earn their living by working with their hands. Only the other day I read in a New York newspaper of a young lawyer in a distant city, whom I knew some years ago when I resided in that section of the country, who literally starved to death. He made scarcely any money, was too proud to tell of his want, lived as long as he could on crackers and water, and was found one day in his office, dead from lack of nourishment. He should never have entered the legal profession, for he had no ability in that direction. As a farmer or mechanic he might have lived a long, useful and successful life. No boy, of course, should enter a trade unless he feels himself fitted for it; but, on the other hand, he should not, it seems to me, let the false pride against manual labor, which now prevails to such a wide extent in our country, prevent him from endeavoring to do better work with his hands than in his inmost thoughts he knows that he can do with his head.

The Colorado Mining Districts

The precious metals are abundantly procured by mining in several states and territories on both sides, east and west of the Rocky mountains. Colorado, which extends southward of the Union Pacific railroad line, including the elevated districts situated between Great Divide range of the Continent and the Mosquito or other secondary ranges, is especially rich in silver-lead ore. It has attracted a large immigrant population within the last twenty years; but their first rush was for gold on the "placers" or surface diggings. It was not until 1870 that silver was obtained in large quantities in Colorado. Silver is got from lodes or veins in the rock, not from the placers or alluvial deposits. There are now many important silver mining-districts in Boulder county, Park, Clear Creek, Gilpin, Fremont, San Juan and Summit county, the silver being accompanied sometimes with copper, sometimes with lead. Not a few large fortunes have been quickly gained by the discovery of a "bonanza," which is the Spanish Mexican word for a rich body of ore; and a great deal of capital has been sunk in excavating deep shafts, galleries, levels and drafts, and in erecting the machinery, stamping mills, smelting furnaces and other apparatus to extract the valuable metal.

The town of Leadville near the head of the Arkansas river, 10,000 feet above the level of the sea, has grown up since July, 1878, from a village of 500 souls, to contain a population of 15,000, with signs of still increasing prosperity; and its products of silver is 15,000,000 tons in the year, but this has hardly made up for the decline of the great Comstock Mine in Nevada. At Denver, the capital of this state, are the Argo Smelting works of the Boston and Colorado Mining company, which forms a vast concern, treating more than 100 tons of ore daily. It is furnished with thirty large roasting kilns, and different furnaces to perform the operations of calcining, smelting and melting down, after which the "matte" of silver is separated by precipitation, while in a fluid solution, from the slag or refuse matter, and is finally cast into solid bars, each weighing about 1,700 ounces. A ton of silver is worth £5,000 sterling.

Risk in Safe Deposit Vaults.

Private vaults in the stock exchange building are rented to members. One of the tenants mistakenly opened somebody else's safe, and only became aware of the blunder when he began to handle securities which he did not recognize as his own. When he reported to the officials in charge, the occurrence was hushed up so successfully that it did not get published at the time, and additional precautionary measures were taken to guard the receptacles of wealth. Nevertheless the subject of risk in safe deposit vaults has been a general topic in Wall street. Of course a good portion of the deposits consist of papers which would not be valuable to thieves, but the aggregate of negotiable securities, actual money and such portabilities as jewelry and plate is so great that nobody undertakes to estimate it.

The president of one establishment guesses that his vaults contain $3,000,000 in stuff that plunderers could use. The guardianship seems perfect as against ordinary burglars and sneak thieves. The lessees of safes must bring evidence of identity every time they wish to enter, and must be able to repeat their individual passwords to the proper official. Then they must open a lock in each of two gateways, the combination being divulged only to tenants. The rules and devices vary somewhat in the different places, but substantially they amount to the sure exclusion of merely interloping thieves. Fire and force are practically impotent, too.

But the managers are compelled to admit that a conspiracy among the employes might result in the complete cleaning out of any safe deposit stronghold in town. All is done that can be in this manner. The humblest porter's antecedents are carefully examined before appointment, and his conduct afterward is scrutinized by means of spies. This rule is applied to the more important officers. Recent thefts by well reputed handlers of treasure, however, have demonstrated that real character is not discoverable until events divulge it, and there is a genuine agitation over the apparently unavoidable risk, even in the vauntedly impregnable vaults. Three to six persons could conspire for the biggest burglary in the history of crime.

Brahmin Cattle in Florida.

There is one species of cattle which can be safely brought to this climate, a species that will inter-breed freely with the native cattle and produce by the cross stock of fine quality. They are the Brahmin cattle of Asia. They are a good breed of cattle, characterized by a fatty hump on the shoulders. They have good domestic qualities, and are especially at home in warm climates. Some of these cattle in former years have been brought to this country, and a strain of the blood is still recognizable in this region of South Florida.

Ignorance is the curse of God. Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Justice delayed is justice denied.

A word in mind is worth two in the dictionary.

Heaven must be in me before I can be in heaven.

Devotion sweetens all that courage must endure.

He is not poor that little hath, but he that much desires.

Opportunity sooner or later, comes to all who work and wish.

For the noblest man that lives there still remains a conflict.

Aim above morality. Be not simply good; be good for something.

Pride hides our faults from ourselves, and magnifices them to others.

Conscience serves us especially to judge of the actions of others.

Our own heart, and not other men's opinions, form our true honor.

Genuine suffering often jests best, for it knows no idle longing for tears.

Our actions must clothe us with an immortality loathsome or glorious.

The defects of the mind, like those of the face, grew worse as we grow old.

Let not one overload you with favors; you will find it an insufferable burden.

Punctuality requires no undue exertion, and its influence is a most salutary one.

Before you set about asking God's blessing, make sure that you have earned it.

The friendships of the world are often confederacies in vice or leagues of pleasure.

Habits are soon assumed; but when we strive to strip them off, 'tis being flayed alive.

Like threads of silver seen through crystal beads, let love through good deeds show.

You cannot dream yourself into a character-you must hammer, and forge yourself one.

He needs no other rosary whose thread of life is strung with beads of love and thought.

No life can be utterly miserable that is heightened by the laughter and love of one little child.

Virtue dwells at the head of a river, to which we cannot get but by rowing affainst the stream.

Great ideas travel slowly, and for a time noiselessly, as the gods whose feet were shod with wool.

True benevolence is to love all men. Recompense injury with justice, and kindness with kindness.

Falsehood may be a thick crust, but in the course of time truth will find a place to break through.

No liberal man would impute a charge of unsteadiness to another for having changed his opinion.

Poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright.

Difficulties are always mountains till we meet them, and mere mole-hills when we have passed them.

The hardest thing in the world to do so constantly that you can do it well, is to mind your own business.

Good breeding consists in having no particular mark of any profession, but a general elegance of manners.

An oyster, said Hood, is very anomalous, for you have to take it out of its bed before you can tuck it in.

Great men should think of opportunity and not of time. Time is the excuse of feeble and puzzled spirits.

If you have plenty of money you are the best man in the world. If you have no money, your opinion is worth nothing.

We see how much a man has, and therefore envy him; did we see how little he enjoys, we should rather pity him.

To be ignorant of the lives of the most celebrated men of antiquity is to continue in a state of childhood all our days.

The sleeping fox catches no poultry. He that rises late must trot all day, and shall scarcely overtake his business at night.

A wit once asked a peasant what part he performed in the great drama of life. "I mind my own business," was the reply.

The pleasantest thing in he world are pleasant thoughts, and the greatest art in life is to have as many of them as possible.

Dissappointment is not in the vocabulary of faith. Expectation is not faith, and our expectations are often disappointed.

There is many a man in the world who never committed but one act of folly and won't get to the end of it until he dies.

A worldly life has as much restriction, in different ways, as a good life, without the final remuneration that a good life has.

The best method of disposing of half the slanders of the age is to pay them no attention. The other half may be lived down.

What a pity that wrinkles should not be all under our heels, instead of on our faces! It would be a much better arrangement.

To rejoice in others' prosperity is to give content to your own lot; to mitigate another's grief is to alleviate or dispel your own.

Despotism can no more exist in a nation until the liberty of the press be destroyed than the night can happen before the sun is set.

Right habits are like the channel which dictates the course in which the river shall flow, and which grows deeper and deeper each year.

We should give as we receive, cheerfully, quickly and without hesitations, for there is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the fingers.

Happiness is not outside but inside. A good heart and a clear conscience bring happiness, which no riches and no circumstances alone ever do.

Thou, too, must learn, like others, that the sublime mystery of Providence goes on in silence, and gives no explanation of itself, no answer to our impatient questionings.

NEVER TOO LATE.

There is a good and a bad in the wayside inns
On the highways of our lives,
And man can never be free from sins,
No matter how hard he strives;
Yet even when down destruction's grade
Our thorny pathways trend,
In spite of a thousand errors made,
"It is never too late to mend."

There are crosses heavy for men to bear,
And passions to conquer too;
There are joys and woes that each must share
Before the journey is through;
But men may be poor for honor's sake,
And truth and right defend,
And hope will never this promise break
"It is never too late to mend."

'Tis never too late for a noble deed,
For, blessed by the angel's tears,
It plants in the breasts of men a seed
That will grow in after years;
And words of kindness, of hope and cheer,
Will always comfort lend,
We must live for love, and banish fear—
"It is never too late to mend."

It is never too late to mend, my lad,
No matter what people say,
And no man's nature is wholly bad,
Even if old and gray:
And in our journey toward the grave,
Until we reach the end,
There is time to change, and time to save—
"It is never too late to mend."

HIS GUARDIAN.

"Fair as a lily, graceful as a gazelle! Who is she? I would give a thousand dollars if I might but paint that face!"

The words were spoken hurriedly, and somewhat too loudly for the time and place.

Many bystanders heard them, looked at the speaker, the lady, then at each other, and smiled.

But the lady herself—a young, slight girl, with large blue eyes, pale, golden hair, and a face like the picture of a saint, so fair and pure it seemed—held on her way, leaning on her escort's arm, without a change of expression or even a startled sidelong glance, to show that the artist's impetuous wish had reached her ear.

Calmly she sat in her box at the concert that evening, with her blue eyes fixed upon the stage. Many an opera glass was turned upon her from below, and in a secluded corner of the stalls sat Gervase Livingstone, the artist, gazing at her, with his heart and soul in his large, dark, passionate eyes.

"Who can she be?" he whispered to an intimate friend.

"I do not know. The face is a new one," was the low reply.

"A new one! It looks as if it was but just created—as if those eyes had never looked upon a sinful world!" raved the artist. "Years ago, when I was a school-boy in the country, I knew a child with a face almost as pure and sweet. She died, as earthly angels do. Yet, had she lived, she would have been like that girl. Poor little May!"

Leaning his head upon his hand, the artist lost himself in a dream of his boyhood's love. When he looked up again the concert was drawing to a close, and the box was empty—the divinity had gone!

Hurrying from the house, he inquired right and left among the attendants at the door; and finally, by a gift of money, so refreshed the memory of one that he said he had seen the young lady drive off in a private carriage before the concert was over, with "a gentleman as might be her father, sir, and they went to the Everett house."

To the Everett House followed the enamored artist, only to be disappointed. The servant whom he feed liberally assured him that no such lady was stopping there. Some wild impulse, for which he could scarcely account, led the artist to examine the hotel register. He looked for the name of "May Cameron"—It was the name of his earliest love—and it was not there.

Meanwhile the fair object of his search was speeding from the city as fast as the midnight train could carry her toward Boston. Although the hour was so late, she was wakeful, and clasped her hands over her eyes as she rested her head on the pillow, in a vain attempt to shut out from mind and memory the picture of a haunting face.

"He did not recognize me," she thought with a sigh. "And yet I knew him in spite of the change—in spite of the added height, the altered face, the dark moustache—I knew him at the moment when his eye met mine, as we entered at the door."

And then she blushed at the memory of the words he had uttered.

"Pauline," said she softly.

The second occupant of the "section" stirred on her couch, and answered, drowsily:

"What is it, May?"

"Are you asleep?"

"What a question? No, not now," replied Pauline, stifling a groan. "What troubles you, my May of Mays? You generally drop asleep the instant your pretty head touches the pillow."

"But to-night, Pauline. I cannot sleep. I have been thinking of all you told me about—"

"About Gervase Livingstone!" asked Pauline, finishing the sentence.

"Hush! Speak lower, Pauline. There are so many people near. Yes, I am troubled—deeply troubled by what you say of him."

"It is true, May."

"Who told you, Pauline?"

"My brother, in the first instance. He knows him well—is often at his rooms—and regrets his intemperance more than any of the rest of his friends, I think."

"Does your brother think—does he consider him entirely past reform?" asked May, with a trembling voice.

Hearing it, and the suppressed sob that followed the question, Pauline Danforth who was a kind hearted little city belle, came out of her nest and sat down beside her friend.

"Dear May, my brother James has often said that Livingstone had a reason—a motive—for reforming, his reform would be settled thing."

"What motive?"

"I explain myself bunglingly, I fear. James meant, my dear May, that if Livingstone could be induced to fall in love, the lady might work his reformation easily, if she chose to do so."

"He loves no one, then, at present?"

"No one, May. James says that he believes him to be faithful to the memory of a child who died a year ago. It is an odd thing to say of a man like him, but James declares that Livingstone really loved that child, and that he loves her now."

"If that is true" said May Warburton, drying her eyes, "he may yet be saved."

"What do you mean, dear?"

"I mean that I am that child, Pauline.

"But the child died," replied Pauline with an astonished look.

"No. My cousin, Mary Cameron, died, and he must have seen the notice of her death, or heard of it, and supposed it to be mine. Just before her illness my good Uncle Warburton came to my country home, and finding me a poor and friendless orphan, adopted me as his own child, and gave me his name."

"And was it in that little country town hat you knew Gervase Livingstone as a boy?" inquired Pauline.

"Yes. He had been sent to the house of some old family servant for his health, and he remained there for two years, while his parents were in Europe, Oh! Pauline, he was the noblest, kindest, most generous-hearted boy! If you will only help me now to save him!"

"I!" exclaimed Pauline.

"You," replied May, caressing and kissing her. Oh, don't refuse me, dear. Papa is stern and unforgiving about such things. He would think Gervase—I mean Mr. Livingstone—not worth saving because of this one fault. It is vain to hope for help from him. But if you will only assist me, dear, good Pauline, I have such a plan!"

"Indeed!" said Pauline. "So I am to be bribed with a kiss. Well, let me hear your plan for the benefit of Gervase—I mean Mr. Livingstone—and we will see what can be done."

"I shall need your brother's aid, too, but that you must secure. And oh! both of you must promise to keep my secret from every one," said May.

Then leaning her cheek against Pauline's, she whispered, in the silence of the midnight, her innocent plot for the redemption of a human soul.

Paul Danforth's stay in Boston was but a short one, and on her return to New York it was noticed by her escort that she carried in her own hands, and for the whole distance, a small ebony box, mounted in silver, and fastened with a silver lock and key. "A jewel box," as he supposed.

On the evening of her arrival at the home in Fifth Avenue, after the family greetings were over, Pauline sought a private interview with her brother James, and, after a long explanation, left the ebony box in his care.

"May is a trump, Pauline, and you are another," was the young man's somewhat undignified exclamation, as he brushed his cambric handkerchief across his eyes. "And Livingstone is well worth saving, and the little box shall be in his possession to-morrow evening before he sleeps."

"Secretly, James, remember," said Pauline. "He must not know from whom the gift comes, till he has shown himself worthy of it."

"Trust me for that," replied her brother. "If there were more women on earth like you and May, women ready to use their influence over men in this fashion, we should be a great deal better than we are, my dear."

So James carried off his prize to his own room.

The next evening a party of gay friends met, as they were often in the habit of meeting, at the artist's rooms. Wine flowed freely, and the pictures on the wall could scarcely be seen for the cloud of smoke that rose from a dozen cigars.

When the revel was at its height James Danforth rose from his chair and held out his hand to the host:

"Good-by, Livingstone."

"What! are you going! So soon?" said the artist, surprised.

"Yes. Going for good and all, my boy."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean," said Danforth, seriously, "that there is a time for all things, and the time for reflection has now come to me. We are all on the downward track boys—you know it as well as I. An angel has warned me, and I am going to stop now while I can. Follow my example if you have any regard for yourselves, or for the mothers, sisters and wives at home who love you. Good-by, boys, Good-by, Gervase. I shall join you here no more."

He left the room. They all sat gazing at each other in silence. His words had struck home to every heart, as he had intended them to do. One after another of the now quiet party stole away with some excuse. In half an hour after James Danforth had closed the door behind him the artist sat alone by his fireside, leaning on his hand, and gazing sadly into the burning coals.

"The wives—the mothers—the sisters at home—who love you," he muttered to himself. "They did well to obey the call. I would have obeyed it, in my turn, but who lives now to care for me? My mother and little May are in their graves; sister I have none—wife I shall never have! Ah, what does it matter? A short life and a merry one for me, and no one will shed a tear over its ending. I'll have another glass of wine. What's this?"

In reaching up to the mantel-shelf for the glass he had left there, his hand struck against the little ebony chest, which stood in the place of honor, directly under a little water-color sketch made from memory of the long-lost child, "May."

The silver key was in the silver lock,

The artist turned it, wondering how the beautiful toy came there without his knowledge, His surprise increased when the lid flew back, displaying a beautiful drinking cup of gold, elaborately chased, and enriched, with rubies beneath the curving brim.

"What a beautiful thing!" exclaimed the artist lifting the cup from its bed of rose-colored velvet. "Who can have sent such a gift? Did those fellows bring it secretly with them to-night, I wonder? Anyway, it is a perfect gem, and I'll fill it to the brim with champagne, and see if I can drive these melancholy thoughts away."

Approaching the table, he lifted the flask. Something flashed at that moment at the bottom of the cup. Turning it toward the light he saw a picture, framed in gems, and bending nearer the large blue eyes of the lovely stranger at the concert looked up at him from the depths of the goblet with an earnest, appealing gaze.

He nearly dropped the cup in his surprise. Snatching the ebony case from the chimney piece, he searched it eagerly for some clew to the mysterious gift.

Half-hidden in the velvet lining, he found a morsel of paper, and drawing it forth, and holding it to the light, he read:

"Not dead, but hoping and praying for you ever. MAY.

"May! May! Alive and remembering me!" he exclaimed. And then, as the full significance of the gift flashed across his mind, the crimson flushed to his temples, and sinking on his knees he laid his head down beside the magic goblet, and burst into a passion of tears.

Those who called at the rooms of the artist during the next week found them closely shut. At last it was rumored about that he had suddenly sailed for England, and a few days more proved the rumor to be true.

A year passed by, and at the annual exhibition of the Academy painters a picture made its appearance which took the world of fashion completely by storm. Every paper noticed it; every person spoke of it; and so numerous and so approving were the comments that pretty Pauline Danforth, who, in general, cared nothing about pictures of any kind, asked her brother James to take her to the gallery to see this wonder on a certain day.

James like a kind brother consented, but with an odd twinkle in his eye, which Pauline could not quite understand. When that evening's train from Boston brought Mr. Warburton and his adopted daughter, May, for a visit of some weeks, Jame's eyes seemed to twinkle more brightly than ever; and, of his own accord, he invited Miss May to join their party on the following day.

May accepted the invitation with a suppressed sigh. Hearing which, James smiled so broadly that Pauline hunted him speedily into a corner, and demanded some of his secret, whatever it might be.

But James proved obdurate. She would know all he said, at the gallery, where the successful artist was to be proclaimed on the following day.

Pauline reflected a moment.

"Oh!" she exclaimed; and her eyes began to dance in her turn.

But not one word said the little traitress to her friend May. Only she took care that their visit to the gallery should be paid at a very early hour, before the fashionable world had scarcely risen from their beds.

Early as it was, however, one gentleman stood before the famous picture, gazing intently at the beautiful golden-haired guardian angel, who with white waving wings, bent forward over the shoulder of a dark-browed man, walking heedlessly on a flower-strewn descent, toward a fearful gulf, and drew from his unwilling hand a golden cup overflowing with wine.

Pauline gave one swift glance at the angel in the picture and at the solitary gazer. Then she touched her brother's arm and while May went unsuspectingly forward, the two vanished into an inner room, where a portrait gallery had been improvised.

Hearing the light step behind him the artist turned away with a crimsoning brow, from the contemplation of his picture.

But, with his first glance at the face of the newcomer, he paused.

May, unheeding him in her haste to see the picture, lifted her eyes to the canvas. She stood rooted to the spot in her amazement, her heart throbbing, her color rising, and at last, her blue eyes filling with tears.

"Oh, Pauline!" she exclaimed, in an agitated tone. "It must be his picture! No one else could have painted it! He is saved!"

"Yes, thanks to you sweet angel, under God, he is saved!" replied a deep voice.

She turned and met the dark eyes of the artist gazing at her in worship.

"May—my little May—will you take the life you rescued?" he asked.

With a noble courage she laid her hand in his. And now no home is happier than that of the famous painter, where his sweet "Guardian Angel" smiles upon his walls, and dwells enshrined within his loving heart.

Nothing Except Breakfast.

"See the sunrise, Gwendolen!"

Miriam Mahaffy spoke these words in an ecstacy of girlish enthusiasm to her elder sister as the latter sat languidly on the bedroom floor one soft, sensuous morning in June, and pulled with stately grace a long striped stocking over a shapely limb.

Thrusting her feet into a pair of dainty slippers, Gwendolen stepped to the window and looked out upon the morning.

"Is it not beautiful!" exclaimed Miriam impulsively, putting on her corset as she spoke. "The golden pencilings of light dart up from below the horizon, touching in fleecy whiteness of the ever-changing clouds with a roseate glory beyond compare. See how, in yonder speck of blue that peeps forth so coyly between the great masses of clouds that surround it on every side, there comes a mezzotint of orange here, a beautiful background to the torquoise bloom of the picture. Is it not very beautiful, sister?"

"Yes," replied Gwenolden, reaching for the hair brush, "it reminds me of a lemon pie in a blue plate."

"See, sister," continued Miriam, as she did up her back hair, and took her bang from the dressing case, "the breath of the morning, balmy and sweet, is kissing every flower and plant into new life. Can anything be more lovely?"

"Nothing in all the wide, wide world," replied Gwendolen, "except breakfast."

Value of Land.

An extraordinary instance of the depreciation in the value of land in London, England. In 1875 Pewi Island, near Harwich, containing 270 acres of freehold land, was bought at a cost of £7,900; and on July 16 was sold by auction for £420.

Farewell!

"I go to-morrow," I said as we sat down on a flat stone beside the road.

"Yes so I understand."

"And is that all you have to say, Bell?"

"I wish you a pleasant journey and a safe return," she said, bending over her flowers to arrange them. "When do you think you shall be back, William?"

This was not what I wanted, Cousin Bell was too quiet and calm. I wanted her to feed my craving vanity by some look or word, or tear of love, that I could carry away with me to feast on—and she would not. I determined to touch her some way, even at the expense of the truth.

"Perhaps never, Bell! If I succeed in business, I shall most probably settle there, marry there, and live and die there."

She did not answer.

"Would you care for that my dear cousin?"

"Hum! I don't know. I wish I could find another violet to match this. Look, what a beauty!"

"You would care—you do care—though you sit there talking about your flowers!" I said hastily. "Tell me, don't you love me a little bit, dear Bell?"

I drew her nearer, and a softening, yielding look came over her face.

"And if I did, William?"

"It would make me happier in one way, Bell; for I should feel that my journey was only taken for your good, and that in time you would thank me for making it."

"What do you mean, William? Have you lost your senses? What have I done, or said, or looked, to make you think—what—what you have just said?"

"I was saying it all for your good," I blundered out, sulkily. "And going away for your good, too,"

"Because you thought I loved you too much—was that it?"

"Yes!"

"And so you were kindly going to take yourself out of sight till I had forgotten you?"

I was silent.

"Oh, grant me patience!" she exclaimed; and then, as if I had stung her to the very heart, she buried her face in her hands. At last she looked up.

"I do not think you are to blame for this—I suppose all men are so," she said, so gently, that she took me by surprise. "But I think we had better part now. I hope, when we meet again, you will know women better than you do now."

"Will you give me a flower Bell?" I asked, feeling with a strange perversity, just at that moment, that I would have died to win her. She smiled and pushed them towards me with her foot.

"Help yourself, William."

I took up a daisy and a violet and put it in my bosom.

I wrote to my cousin several times after I had established myself in my new home in Ireland, but as she contented herself by sending messages in answer in my sister Maggie's letters, I took the hint at last, and followed her example. But her silence and her anger did for her what her affection had never done; and if ever a dream of a happy home came into my my mind as I sat alone, it was sure to be the face and form of Bell that beautified it She still remained unmarried, Three years passed away, and during the summer of the fourth I went for a visit to my country home—thinking fondly to myself that I would bring my cousin with me when I returned, and keep her there with me forever.

It so happened that Bell had just returned from her spring trip to town when I arrived, and my favorite sister Maggie was only too glad of an excuse to call upon her and see the recent fashions she had brought.

"I am obliged to have an excuse, nowadays," she said, with a merry laugh, "for Bell is very proud, and seems to forget that we used to play together day after day at school. I often think; I should like to remind her of it, but she has grown such a fine lady I hardly dare."

Bell proud and a fine lady! I could hardly imagine that.

It was in the orchard that we met.

"Well cousin," she said, smilingly, "when you have looked at me long enough you will talk to me. A penny for your thoughts!"

"They were not very gallant ones, I am afraid, for I was thinking that though you have grown very beautiful, Bell, you have also grown very heartless."

She laughed carelessly.

"And a perfect woman of the world."

"Thank you sir!" she answered, with a graceful bend of the head. "You are quite as complimentary as you used to be, I see. But never mind what I am, have been, or may be. Tell me what you have been doing all these years?"

"Thinking of you, Bell," I said bluntly, but truly.

She changed color a little, but soon recovered herself.

"It strikes me that you might have employed yourself better. I think the air is growing chilly—shall we join our friends and go back to the house?"

I placed myself in her way as she turned.

"Don't go just yet, Bell. You are not cold, though you affect to shiver, and you must hear what I have come all this distance to say. Will you?"

She shrugged her shoulders leaned against a tree, and looked out towards the sunset west.

"Do you remember our evenings long ago?" I asked as our eyes turned towards the sinking sun. "Those were pleasant days."

"Yes."

"And now after so long an absence, I am standing here with you again. Why did you not write to me, Bell?"

She sent a shower of blossoms to the ground, and said: Don't know—been busy."

"You would not write—but have you ever thought of me?"

"Sometimes—when I have had nothing better to do"

"Ah, Bell, be serious, and listen to me," I exclaimed; "I want to tell you how stupid I was three years ago——"

"There is no need," she said, with a sarcastic smile. "I hope you are wiser now."

"And do you quite forgive me for wounding you, as I must have done?"

"Oh, dear, yes!"

"I ought to have asked forgiveness long ago. I was but a boy then, and little knew what I was throwing away."

"And you think you know now," she said, looking me straight in the eye with an indescribable glance.

My heart beat fast; the blood flew to my temples. Did she love me, after all? I caught her hand in mine, and murmured, "Oh, Bell, my darling, none can know better!"

"Well, what do you think it was?"

"The noblest, purest, and fondest heart that ever beat in woman's breast," I answered, eagerly. "The truest and tenderest love——"

I stopped, amazed, for the blue eyes grew dim with tears, and a deep flush covered her neck and cheek and bosom.

"Stop, then!" she said, hurriedly. "You have said enough, already, to humble me to the very dust. It might have been all that when you first knew me but it is not now; and, because you have touched one of the old chords, I spare you. You, at least, shall never have it to say that Bell Gordon has trifled with your happiness. I meant that you should, but you have brought back my better nature. Now go, and leave, me William; and, believe me, it will be better for you to meet me no more."

"What do you mean, Bell?"

She laughed bitterly.

"Go ask any one if I am all you said—any one who knows me well, and see what they will say. They call me a flirt and a coquette, as well as a heartless creature, a woman of the world. And it is all true. If any one is idiotic enough to give me his heart I only know how to break it. But you are the friend of my early years," she said, laying her hand on my shoulder, "and for the sake of—of no matter what, I give you fair warning,"

"I tell you that I love you," I said. "I ask you to be my wife."

"It is too late," she replied, dryly; "we are not children to play at this game any longer. Go! and forget me; it is your better way. I am to be married soon. There is the pledge!"

She flashed a diamond ring in my eyes which she wore upon the third finger of her left hand.

She is still the wife of the wealthy man she married, and a queen of fashion. She has one son, who bears my name, and my eldest daughter is called Bell? I never hear from her—I shall never see her in this world again; but I often sit and think about her, as I have done to-day. Others have loved me more fondly, and made me happier; yet the golden glory of my "first love" lingers about her head, and I cannot, and I would not if I could forget her. There may be many more beautiful, and better far; but to my life's end there will be none so fair for me. Farewell, sweet dream of my youth! Farewell!

Equine Anger.

I will relate a little circumstance which took place in Mexico a few years before I left there. One of my friends had a horse, extremely gentle, and of such an easy agreeable gait that he took the greatest care of him and held him at a great price. A well-fed, big and lusty friar was a friend to our neighbor, one who liked the good things of this world as well as he liked to ride out to the small towns bordering upon the City of Mexico and take dinner with the bonny lasses and countrymen inhabiting those villages. He used to ask my friend to loan him his horse to take these excursions just around the Capital; and, as his requests were granted with so good a grace, he, in a short time, went so far as to ask the loan of his favorite animal to go to Cuernavaca, a distance of eighteen leagues. As this happened pretty often, our friend complained one day of the indiscretion of the friar. I asked him if he could procure me a friar's dress for a few days and leave his horse with me for the same time. He did so. I dressed myself in the friar's dress and went in where the horse was. I took a good whip in my hand and made him do penance for no other sin than that of too much gentleness. Going out I took off my friar's dress and went in again in my own dress, and handled him gently. I repeated the operation a few days, at the end of which I took the horse back to his master, and told him he might lend him to the friar whenever he pleased. A day or two after he came to my store. "Your remedy," said he, "has had a marvelous effect. Our monk has just left my house, perfectly persuaded that my horse is possessed with the devil. For when the holy personage came up to take him by the bridle to get on him he was so frightened and wheeled around so quick and flew away from him with so much terror that one would have said he took him for the destroying angel." The friar crossed himself many times, hurried away in all haste to the convent to sprinkle himself with holy water, and never asked my friend for his horse again.

In this case the horse remembered the dress, not the features of the individual who used the whip on him. But horses can remember features as well as costumes.

Persian Flowers.

The usual belief is that the 'passion,' flower derived its name because of the resemblance, or fancied resemblance, of the parts of the plant to the instruments of the Savior's 'passion' and crucifixion. Thus the three nails through the hands and feet on the cross are represented by the stigmas, five anthers represent the five wounds, the rays of glory or (as others say) the crown of thorns are represented by the rays of the corona, the ten parts of the perianth represent ten of the apostles (Peter, who denied the Savior, and Judas, his betrayer, being absent. The hands of the persecutors are supposed to be indicated by the finger-like leaves of the plant and the 'scourges' in the tendrils.

If a falseness paralyzed the tongue, what a deathlike silence would pervade society.

Youthful Senators.

During the ceremony of unveiling the Marshall statue, while the senators were absent from the senate, the pages had a grand lark. The boys are sharp observers of the great men with whom they are thrown in daily contact, and soon detect the peculiar hobby each senator has. As soon as the senators were fairly out of the room the boys prepared for sport. One long, lank red-haired stripling, by unanimous consent, "'cause he's got the most gall," as one urchin said, took the seat of the presiding officer, and in Mr. Edmund's most austere manner sharply called the meeting to order. The boys heartily entered into the humor of the occasion. They dropped into the seats near the presiding officer. "Mr, President," yelled half a dozen voices. "Now you fellows just shut your clack," returned the president. "Do yer think this is a democratic caucus? What do you want he continued, addressing one.

"I want to talk he promptly responded.

"Well, go ahead."

"Now, Mr. President," continued the youthful statesman, throwing himself into Senator Dawes' favorite attitude and imitating his peculiar intonation, "what this country ought to do is to go for them Injuns. Why, Mr. President just look at 'em. Gaze upon the wild sons of the west who come here on their trips to the Great Father—an ignorant lot, whose chief pleasure consists in tomahawking the teachers we send out to instruct them. What should be done? Why, make 'em learn. Turn the army into a regiment of teachers. Force arithmetic into their thick skulls at the point of the bayonet."

"Well, what does the member propose?" asked one of the senators of-an-hour impatiently, fearing that his chances to hold forth were being lessened by the prolixity of others.

"Appropriate fifty millions for the purpose of compulsorily educating the redskins,', replied the supposed Mr. Dawes. "That will solve the Injun question."

The proposition was received with boisterous applause.

"Say, Mr. Presieent," shouted one who could be easily recognized as Senator Logan's counterfeit presentment by his proposition. "I motion to appropriate five hundred millions to pay the expenses of a commission to investigate the true condition of the American nigger and ascertain the progress he has made since the war."

"I hope the gentleman will not insist on the motion," remarked a polite page blandly, "because I was going to appoint a committee consisting of true and faithful republicans to investigate the Danville outrages." "Hello, Sherman!" cried one who from his lack of respect was undoubtedly a democrat.

"I also hope the gentleman will not insist on his motion, for it is clearly unconstitutional," piped a voice in the rear of the chamber.

The lads broke into a loud laugh, recognizing Senator Jones' caricature, and immediately got into an excited constitutional discussion, "Logan" holding that his scheme was clearly constitutional, remarking that he "had looked up them points, and he seen they wasn't no good." But others, seeing there was little chance of "getting their work in" unless order was restored, insisted on the senator's "drying up." Then followed a number of ridiculous motions—to put cigarettes on the free list, to tax pig iron $100 a ton, to declare women eligible to the presidency. The boys kept up their sport until it was announced that the senators were returning, when they scattered. The whole proceedings was a very clever take-off of the senate.

Famous Discrowned Queens.

No image is more pathetic than that of the discrowned Queen. She who has once the object of all men's homage has fallen from her high estate, and now sits pale and bowed down among the ashes where formerly she ruled her jocund court radiently from her golden throne, golden crowned. Zenobia, led by her golden chain like some fair savage before the triumphal car of her not ungenerous conqueror—shackled with gold and laden with jewels, as marking her past value and present shame—is the type of the Queen who once greater than the greatest, is now humbled and despised.

Cleopatra, too, occurs to one's memory as another of those pathetic figures of history who from supremacy fell to ruin, and from love sank down to despair. Artemesia, voluntarily discrowned, forgetting her dignity, and condescending to a love unworthy of her, and to a vengeance more unworthy still, to end all from that sad Leucanian rock which saw another victim—also in her way a queen—voluntarily discrowned; her namesake, that other Artemisia who died of grief for the loss of her husband, Mausolus, Sophonisba, denied to the man who loved her, and forced to save herself from the same degradation as that which Zenobia underwent by the sharp redemption of prison; Marie Antonette from le Petit Trianon translated to la Conciergeri, and from Versailles to the scaffold; Queen Margaret, wandering, lost in the wood, trusting her boy to the loyalty of an outlaw; Lady Jane Gray, the poor, patient saint and martyr, queen of an hour and victim for all time; Mary Bruce, who, when her husband said at his fatal coronation: "Henceforth thou art Queen of Scotland and I King," answered back, with sad prevision: "I fear we are only playing at royalty like children in their games;" and in our own days the poor, distraught widow of the murdered Maximillian, and the Queen of Naples, whose courage deserved a better fate—these are just a few recollections of the Queens who have been discrowned by the pressure of events and the inexorable law of history.

Imported Sardines.

The imitation of imported sardines can go no further. The packing-box is made in Jersey City, the wrapper is printed in New York, the tin cans are manufactured in Boston, the fish are caught on the Maine coast, and the oil is extracted from cotton-seed in Georgia.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor.

CENTRE HALL, PA., AUG. 26, 1885

A SURGICAL TRIUMPH.

The wonderful surgical operation performed at the Medico-Chirurgical College, on Saturday, July 11, by Professor James E. Garretson, assisted by Dr. M. H. Cryer, has proved entirely successful. The patient, a man sixty-four years old, came from Scranton with a tumor completely filling the nasal cavity, and growing through the cheek and jaw bone to the base of the brain. The swelling tumor had forced the right eye from the socket. The operation performed comprised the removal of all the bones of the right side of the face below the eye and above the neck. A surgical engine, with the speed of fifteen thousand revolutions per minute, was used to cut away the right side of the nose, the maxillary or jaw bones, and the ethmoid or base of the vault of the skull. One surgeon held the eye in place while another held back the base of the brain. The place left vacant by the removal of the tumerous bones was filled with sponges, and the flesh and the skin was drawn back and sewed fast to the other side of the face by fifty stitches. Three days after the operation the pins which held the upper lip together under the nose and many of the stitches from other parts were removed and the face was found to be little disfigured. The patient was then able to move about the ward. He now dresses himself and ascends the stairs without assistance. His eye is uninjured, and has nearly all its normal actions. The tumor removed from the face, when placed under the microscope, showed that it contained spindle and giant cells, the latter resembling asteoclasts, which are found where the bone is being absorbed or broken down. The tumor would be classed as a myeloid sarcoma.

THOUSANDS SAY SO.

Mr. W. Atkins, Girard, Kan., writes: "I never hesitate to recommend your Electric Bitters to my customers, they give entire satisfaction and are rapid sellers." Electric Bitters are the purest and best medicine known and will positively cure kidney and liver complaints. Purify the blood and regulate the bowels. No family can afford to do without them. They will save hundreds of dollars in doctor's bills every year. Sold at 50 cents a bottle by J. Zeller & Son, Bellefonte.

"ROUND-UP" OF INDIAN HORSE-THIEVES.

Hillings, Mont., August 14.—Ed Goulding, with two associate cattlemen, on the Musselshell river, yesterday met a marauding band of Piegan Indians between Razor and half Breed Creeks. The Piegans numbered twenty, and had with them 75 stolen horses. Goulding and his companions fired, killing one Indian, but being outnumbered were compelled to retreat. Obtaining reinforcements and overtaking the Piegans they killed the entire party and recovered the stolen horses. What effect this fight may have on neighboring bands is unknown.

A LAND GRABBER.

Peublo, Cal., Aug. 19.—M. McMullen, a ranchman living thirty miles east of here, was arrested yesterday by a U. S. Marshal for contempt of court, in failing to remove fences placed on Government land. McMullen made a show of resisting arrest and was shot in the leg by the Marshal. McMullen has illegally fenced in thirty thousand acres.

SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL AND QUININE.

Simmons Liver Regulator, purely vegetable, is equal in power to blue mass or calomel, but without any of their injurious properties.

"Have tried it in several cases of bilious disorders, chills and fever, and find it effects a cure in a most satisfactory manner. DR. J. H. BOWEN, Clinton, Ga.'

MONTREAL SCOURGED.

It is estimated that there are no fewer than 1,000 cases of smallpox in the city of Montreal, and over 100 in the surban village of St. Jean Baptist. Seventeen deaths have occurred within the past two days, and the loathesome disease is spreading rapidly, every part of the city being affected.

"Grant's Memorial: what shall it be?" is discussed in the September number of the North American Review, by Launt Thompson, Karl Gerhardt, O. L. Warner and Wilson McDonald, sculptors; W. H. Beard, painter; Calvert Vaux and Henry Van Brunt, architects; and Clarence Cook, art critic. This symposium is sure to attract wide attention at this time, when the desire is so general to erect a monument to Grant that shall be worthy of the man, the nation and American art. The same number of the review contains a consideration of the question, "Shall our National Banking System be Abolished?" by George S. Boutwell, F. J. Scott, S. Dana Horton, and Edwin H. G. Clark. "Ouida" contributes an essay on "The Tendencies of English Fiction," and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps writes on "The Great Psychical Opportunity." But the most readible article in the number is ex-Sergeant-at-Arms French's "Reminiscences of Famous Americans," with a series of delightful anecdotes about the famous war senators. Mr. French is writing a book of these reminiscences. If it equals this forestallment in the Review, it will be one of the famous works of modern literature.

Malarial poison can be entirely removed from the system by the use of Ayer's Ague Cure, which contains a sure specific, in the form of a vegetable product, used in no other remedy. Warranted.

QUEER reading would be the history of names. We cannot, however, go into the subject now, except so far as to say that Dr. Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy" was called by that name, in an informal fashion, long before the doctor dreamed of advertising it for public use. Speaking of it he would say to his patients: "This is my favorite remedy for all troubles of the blood," etc., and its success was so great that he finally spelled the name with capital letters. aug

CASH FOR GRAIN.

Cash will be paid for red wheat, rye, oats and corn, at the roller mill, Centre Hall. tf

SHE LIKED BARKING.

"I want a dog," said a lady of uncertain age recently to our respected poundmaster, "that will bark all night without stoping. I don't care whether he is brindled, yellow, or black-and-tan, so long as his bark is shrill and high."

"You'd like his bark to be on the C," suggested the official, "and not bare o tone, I suppose?"

"Oh, you Government officials are always so witty," retorted the spinster, "but I really do want a dog of the kind I have described. Have you got one?"

"I have about sixty-seven, madam, who yelp all night."

"Oh, how delicious!" murmured the lady. "How I wish I could afford to buy them all and feed the poor things!"

"Perhaps you've got a grudge against your neighbors," insinuated the cur catcher.

"Well, that's how it began. You see, they are always saying unkind things of me because I live alone and am unwedded—ahem!—and the gentleman next door said one day in his back yard that he wondered how old I was, and his wife guessed somewhere between twenty and eighty—that is, there or thereabouts. So I bought a dog with the awfullest bark you ever heard. At first he kept me awake, but I got so used to him that, now they have poisoned him, I can't sleep a wink without him. Do you know that hearing all your dogs barking so beautifully together is making me sleepy now? Have you got a chair?"

"For Heaven's sake, madam, don't go to sleep here!" yelled the now thoroughly scared janitor of the canine county jail. "I'll give you two dogs, madam, that will never let up barking, for nothing, if you will only go right away with them."

But he was too late. The lady had sank on a bench, and was snoring placidly. It was five hours before they could wake here up, and as she sailed down town, leading a one-eyed bull-dog and a yellow mongrel, the poundkeeper wipped his clammy brow and whispered hoarsely:

"Me go and take tea with her and hear her sing 'My love is true to me?' Not for a whole year's dog fees!"

"O LOR', HIT 'IM AGAIN!"

In the early days of Methodism in Scotland, a certain congregation, where there was but one rich man, desired to build a new chapel. A church meeting was held. The rich old Scotchman rose and said: "Brethern, we dinna need a new chapel; I'll give £5 for repairs."

Just then a bit of plaster falling from the ceiling hit him on the head.

Looking up and seeing how bad it was, he said: "Brethren, it's worse than I thought; I'll make it fifty pun'."

"Oh, Lord," exclaimed a devoted brother on a back seat, "hit 'im again!"

There are many human tabernacles which are in sore need of radical building over, but we sputter and fuss and repair in spots without satisfactory results. It is only when we are personally alarmed at the real danger that we act independently, and do the right thing. Then it is that we most keenly regret because we did not sooner use our judgment, follow the advice born of the experience of others and jump away from our perils.

Thousands of persons who will read this paragraph are in abject misery today when they might be in a satisfactory condition. They are weak, lifeless, full of odd aches and pains, and every year they are getting worse, even though the best doctors are patching them in spots. The origin of these aches and pains is the kidneys and liver, and if they would build these all over new with Warner's safe cure, as millions have done, and cease investing their money in miserably unsuccessful patchwork, they will be well and happy and would bless the day when the Lord "hit 'em" and indicated the common sense course for them to pursue.

A BRIGHT IDEA.

"Let me have five two-cent stamps, please," said a lady to the retail stamp clerk in the post office yesterday.

"Yessum," he said, handing them out.

"Can't you let me have them in one piece?" she added.

"Certainly, ma'am," said the clerk. "Can I send them home for you?"

"Oh, no; I don't live far—only on the North side—and I am going right home. I wouldn't want to put you to trouble."

"No trouble at all," said the clerk. "I haven't very much to do to-day, and I could very easily spare an hour."

"Very much obliged," said the lady, smiling sweetly. "dear me," she said, putting on a stamp, "what a horrid bother it is to stamp letters! Why can't we send letters and let the post office send in their bill once a month?"

"They might just as well," said the clerk, sympathizingly. "I'll mention the fact in my next message to Congress."

"Will you? How nice! But you mustn't mention my name. Say the idea was suggested by a North Side society lady."

The reasons barbers talk so much is that the greater number of them know how to "chin" in two languages.

Shelled corn and other coarse grain wanted at the Centre Hall roller mill.

We make the following liberal proposition to the subscribers of the REPORTER: Any one sending us the name of a new cash subscriber for one year, will get a credit of three months for his trouble, and the new name two months extra. We would be pleased to have every reader send us at least one name under this very liberal offer. For any additional names we will allow the same. tf

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

Trade Mark. QUALITY P PURITY NOT QUANTITY. On Every Bottle.

THE BEST TONIC.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely **Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.**

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the **Kidneys and Liver.**

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to **Women,** and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*other Iron medicines do.*

It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

☞ The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other.

Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD

PYÆMIA

Is the most virulent form of blood-poisoning. Less speedily fatal, but not less certainly so, is the vitiation of the blood of which the first symptoms are **Pimples, Sties, Boils,** and **Cutaneous Eruptions.** When the taint of **Scrofula** gives warning of its presence by such indications, no time should be lost in using AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, the only perfect and reliable medicine for the purification of the blood.

SCROFULA

Is a foul corruption in the blood that rots out all the machinery of life. Nothing will eradicate it from the system and prevent its transmission to offspring but AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. This preparation is also the only one that will cleanse the blood of Mercurial poison and the taint of Contagious Diseases. Impoverished blood is productive of

ANÆMIA,

A wretched condition indicated by **Pallid Skin, Flaccid Muscles, Shattered Nerves,** and **Melancholy.** Its first symptoms are **Weakness, Languor, Loss of Nerve Force,** and **Mental Dejection.** Its course, unchecked, leads inevitably to insanity or death. Women frequently suffer from it. The only medicine that, while purifying the blood, enriches it with new vitality, and invigorates the whole system, is

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists: Price $1; Six bottles for $5.

FARMERS!!

Don't be Deceived

As there are persons offering for sale Phosphates branded "Twenty Five Dollar" and other similar brands, which look very much like ours, we caution farmers *not to be deceived.* Use only the article which has our name and address on each bag. None other is genuine. BAUGH & SONS, *Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers, Phila.*

THE TRADE MARK TWENTY FIVE DOLLAR PHOSPHATE ADOPTED 1880

We Caution all persons not to infringe upon our trade marks and brands.

Baugh & Sons,

PHILADELPHIA.

THE GREAT Unfailing Specific FOR Liver Disease.

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

SYMPTOMS: Bitter or bad taste in mouth; tongue coated white or covered with a brown fur; pain in the back, sides, or joints—often mistaken for Rheumatism; **sour stomach; loss of appetite;** sometimes nausea and waterbrash, or indigestion; flatulency and acid eructations; bowels alternately costive and lax; **headache;** loss of memory, with a painful sensation of having failed to do something which ought to have been done; **debility;** low spirits; a thick, **yellow** appearance of the skin and eyes; a dry cough; fever; restlessness; the urine is scanty and high-colored, and, if allowed to stand, deposits a sediment.

SIMMONS + LIVER + REGULATOR

Is generally used in the South to arouse the Torpid Liver to a healthy action. Being **entirely vegetable,** no particular care is required while using this medicine.

The **Regulator** acts without disturbance to the system, diet or occupation. **It regulates the Liver,** and Nature relieving herself, causes the bile to act as the purge. The excess of bile being removed, a **tonic effect** is produced, and health is perfectly restored.

It Regulates the Bowels and Removes CONSTIPATION.

It is a CERTAIN CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.

The **Regulator** contains no quinine, mineral, or anything that will injure the most delicate patient, and is given with **safety** and the **happiest results** to the most delicate infant. For all diseases in which a **laxative, alterative or purgative** is needed it will give the most perfect satisfaction. The Cheapest, Purest and Best Family Medicine in the World!

☞ { THERE IS BUT ONE SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR!

See that you get the **genuine,** with the **red Z** on front of Wrapper, prepared only by

J. H. ZEILIN & CO.,

SOLE PROPRIETORS, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

the popular favorite for dressing the hair. Restoring its color when gray, and preventing Dandruff. It cleanses the scalp, stops the hair falling, and is sure to please. 50c. & $1 Sizes at Druggists.

PARKER'S TONIC

The Best Cough Cure you can use.

Recommended by eminent physicians. Popular for its well known properties of purifying the blood and building up the health and strength. It has made wonderful cures of Scrofula, Rheumatism, Throat, Lung, Liver, Kidney, and Nervous diseases, and has brought health and comfort to thousands of suffering women. Its property of increasing the nourishing quality of the blood, renders it so effective in reviving the vital energies that it often saves life. If you suffer from Debility, Skin Eruptions, Cough, Consumption, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Bowel, Liver, Kidney, or other disease, your blood is defective and is losing its power to nourish and sustain the system. Don't wait till you are sick in bed, but use PARKER'S TONIC to-day. It will give you new life and vigor. HISCOX & CO., N. Y.

Sold by all Druggists. Large saving buying $1 size.

I WANT AGENTS TO SELL THE MISSOURI STEAM Washer

Men and Women of good character and intelligence. Exclusive Territory Guaranteed. A weeks' trial of sample Washer to be returned at my expense if not satisfactory. A thousand per cent. the best Washer in the world, and pays capable agents BIG money. Intrinsic merit, makes it a phenomenal success everywhere. For Illustrated circular and terms of agency address, J. WORTH, St. Louis, Mo.

SALARY AND EXPENSES PAID, TO SELL Nursery Stock. Experience not necessary. Apply to the old established "Newark Nurseries," of CHAS. W. STUART & CO., at Newark, Wayne County, New York. 22jul2m

ST. ELMO HOTEL,

Nos. 317 & 319 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Reduced rates to $2.00 per day. The traveling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and places of amusement and different railroad depots, as well as all parts of the city, are easily accessible by Street Cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements to those visiting the city for business or pleasure.

Your patronage respectfully solicited.

JOS. M. FEGER, Proprietor.

26tf

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents a box. For sale by J. Zeller & Son, Bellefonte, druggists. jan7y

Teachers Make $70 to $150 per month selling our STANDARD BOOKS & BIBLES. Steady work for Spring and Summer. Address, J. C. McCURDY & Co., Philadelphia.

RAINBOW RUPTURE RELIEF & CURE.

Simple, safe, reliable and a perfect retainer. It is **not a Truss.** Worn Day and Night and its presence forgotten. Send for circular with testimonials from grateful sufferers cured by this appliance. Address Central Medical and Surgical Institute 920 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

Skillful treatment given all kinds of surgical and medical cases. Weakening diseases and private troubles in male and female our specialty. Be sure to write us before taking treatment elsewhere. Consultation free and invited.

There is no excuse for suffering from CONSTIPATION and other diseases that follow a disordered state of the Stomach and Bowels, when the use of

DR. HENRY BAXTER'S

MANDRAKE BITTERS

Will give immediate relief.

After constipation follows

Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Diseases of the Kidneys, Torpid Liver Rheumatism, Dizziness, Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, Apoplexy, Palpitations, Eruptions and Skin Diseases, etc., all of which these Bitters will speedily cure by removing the cause. Keep the *Stomach, Bowels, and Digestive Organs in good working order,* and **perfect health** will be the result. **Ladies** and others subject to **Sick Headache** will find relief and permanent cure by the use of these Bitters. Being **tonic** and **mildly purgative** they

PURIFY THE BLOOD.

Price 25 cts. per bottle.

For sale by all dealers in medicine. Send address for pamphlet, free, giving full directions.

HENRY, JOHNSON & LORD, Props., Burlington, Vt.

For sale at Murray's Drug store.

$200,000 in presents given away. Send us 5 cents postage, and by mail you will get free a package of goods of large value, that will start you in work that will at once bring you in money faster than any thing else in America. All about the $200,000 presents with each box. Agents wanted everywhere, of either sex, of all ages, for all time, or space time only, to work for us at their own homes. Fortunes for all workers absolutely assured. Don't delay. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

TO FARMERS.

New Implement

STORE AT SPRING MILLS.

The undersigned has opened a store at Spring Mills for all kinds of Agricultural Implements:

BINDERS, HARVESTERS, MOWERS, GRAIN DRILLS,

CULTIVATORS, HAY-RAKES, PLOWS, SPRING-TOOTH HARROWS,

FANNING MILLS, CORN-PLANTERS, AND CORN-DRILLS, FEED CUTTERS, FEED MILLS, AND

WAGONS, — WAGONS,

also dealer in

ENGINES,

PORTABLE AND STATIONARY,

SAW-MILLS,

AND MACHINERY belonging to SAW MILLS, STEAM THRESHING RIGS, WITH ENGINES, UPRIGHT OR HORIZONTAL BOILERS, AND CLOVER HULLERS—

In fact, everything that belongs to that line of business. I will also handle

—PHOSPHATE.—

I respectfully invite all farmers or any persons wishing to purchase any of the above machinery to come and see my stock, examine prices, and be convinced that I am prepared to sell cheaper than any one in the county.

W. L. SNYDER,

11jun3m SPRING MILLS, PENN'A.

WANTED! [illegible] Grape Vines, Shrubs, Roses &c. SALARIES and expenses paid. Experience not essential. Full instructions given inexperienced men. Address, L. CLARK & MERRICK, Brighton, N. Y. One mile east of Rochester.

AGENTS Make over 100 per cent. profit selling the Family Coffee Roaster. Durable, perfect in operation, and of great domestic utility. Write for circular.

FAMILY COFFEE ROASTER CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

If you want good shoulder braces, suitable for ladies and gentlemen, and at reasonable prices, go to the Centre Hall drug store. J. D. MURRAY, Druggist.

11jun tf

New Arrival of Goods

AT NEW STORE!

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS

HARPER & KREAMER,

Centre Hall,

Have just opened in one of Largest and Best Rooms in the Valley,

—A COMPLETE STOCK OF—

DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS

NOTIONS, HATS & CAPS,

BOOTS & SHOES,

HARDWARE,

OILS AND PAINTS,

GLASSWARE, QUENNSWARE,

GROCERIES.

COFFEES, SUGARS, TEAS, FISH

SALT, TOBACCO, SEGARS,

EVERYTHING

KEPT IN A WELL REGULATED STORE.

ALL NEW GOODS,

We offer bargains unsurpassed in this COUNTY.

COME AND SEE US.

All kinds of Produce taken, and Highest Market Prices Paid.

ROOM! ROOM! ROOM! ROOM!

Must Have Room!

Large Stock of Furniture! Big Reduction in Prices!

I will offer my Entire Stock of Furni for the next Sixty Days for Cash at such prices that every person can buy new furniture.

We manufacture nothing but good goods, and ask a careful inspection before buying elsewhere. We quote a few prices:

Solid Walnut Top Chamber Suits Reduced from $55 to $45.
Solid Walnut Top Chamber Suits Reduced from $65 to $50.
Solid Walnut Top Chamber Suits Reduced from $80 to 70$.
Painted Chamber Suits Reduced from $25 to $20.
Painted Chamber Suits Reduced from $30 to $25.
Walnut Book Cases Reduced from $30 to $25.
Extension Tables, $5.00 up.—New Lot Lounges, $4.50 up.
Bedsteads, $3.50 and up.

BUREAUS, WASH-STANDS, PARLOR TABLES, CANE AND WOODSEAT CHAIRS, ROCKERS, SPRING BEDS, MATTRESSES, ETC.

If you want a bargain come within the next sixty days. Yours Respectfully,

W. R. CAMP,

N. B.—GOODS DELIVERED FREE. CENTRE HALL, PA

Cards—Attorneys.

D. F. FORTNEY, Attorney-at-Law, Office in old Conard building, Bellefonte

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SPANGLER & HEWES, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, BELLEFONTE, CENTRE CO., PENN'A. Special attention to collections; practice in all the courts; Consultation in German and English

JOHN KLINE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA Office on second floor of Furst's new building north of Court House. Can be consulted in English or German. 7m'y84

JOHN F. POTTER, Attorney-at-Law Collections promtly made and special attention given to those having lands or property for sale. Will draw up and have acknowledged Deeds, Mortgages bonds &c. Bellefonte, Pa.

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DR. G. W. HOSTERMAN, Dentist, Centre Hall. Office at residence on Church street, opposite Lutheran Church. Will give satisfaction in all branches of his profession. Ether administered. 14adr

DR. S. G. GUTELIUS.—Dentist, Millheim. Offers his professional services to the public. He is prepared to perform all operations in the dental profession. He is now fully prepared to extract teeth absolutely without pain. my 2 78

Hotels.

BUSH HOUSE, W. R. Teller, proprietor, Bellefonte, Pa. Special attention given to country trade. june16y

CUMMINGS HOUSE, BELLEFONTE, PA. EMANUEL BROWN, Proprietor. The traveling community will find this hotel equal to any in the county in every respect, for man and beast, and charges very moderate. Give it a trial 22june tf

NEW BROCKERHOFF HOUSE.

BROCKERHOFF HOUSE, ALLEGHENY ST., BELLEFONTE, PA G. G. McMILLEN, Prop'r. Good Sample Rooms on First Floor. Free Buss to and from all trains. Special rates to witnesses and jurors. 6jun

CENTRE HALL HOTEL. D. J. MEYER, Prop'r. FOR SUMMER BOARDERS AND TRANSIENT CUSTOM. Good Table, healthy locality, pure mountain water, surrounded by finest natural scenery in the state. Schools and churches convenient. Terms very reasonable. 16aug tf

IRVIN HOUSE, LOCK HAVEN, PA. S. WOODS CALDWELL, Proprietor. Terms reasonable. Good sample rooms on first floor.

CAMERON HOUSE, LEWISBURG, PENN'A. STETTLER & CODER..... Proprietors SPECIAL RATES TO COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS OVER SUNDAY. Good Livery attached. Free 'Buss to and from all trains. 14apy

J. D. MURRAY, Centre Hall, Pa., Dealer in DRUGS, popular Patent Medicines Whiskey, Brandy, Wine, and Holland Gin kept and sold for medicinal purposes only. Store open every day in the week. may7 tf

CENTRE COUNTY BANKING CO., BELLEFONTE, PENN'A. Receive Deposits and allow Interest; Discount Notes; Buy and Sell Government Securities; JAS. A. BEAVER, President. J. D. SHUGERT, Cashier

PENN'S VALLEY BANKING CO., CENTRE HALL, PA. Receive Deposits and allow Interest; Discount Notes; Buy and Sell Government Securities; Gold and Coupons. WM. WOLF, President W. B. MINGLE, Cashier.

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FIRE & LIFE INSURANCE.—The undersigned represents twelve as good Fire Insurance companies as can be found in the world, and also represents the best Life and Accident companies in existence My motto is, "I study to please." Office in Bush's block, (over Valentine & Co.'s store,) Bellefonte, Pa. 27may1yr] BOND VALENTINE.

D. Z. EVANS, JR. EVANS BROTHERS, PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS, 56 N. Water Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Consignments of all kinds of Country Produce solicited. Quick Sales, Good Prices and Prompt Returns is our motto. We have excellent facilities for obtaining good prices for Butter, Eggs, Poultry, (live or dressed,) Lard, Tallow, Cheese, Potatoes, Fruit, (dried or fresh,) Corn, Oats, Hay, Live Stock; in fact, everything the farmer produces, either in car loads or small lots. Tags, stencils and price lists furnished free. ☞ We refer to the editor of this paper. eow

HELP for the working people. Send 10 cts. postage and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable sample box of goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. You can live at home and work in spare time only, or all the time. All of both sexes, of all ages, grandly successful, 50 cents to $5 easily earned every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer: To all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Immense pay absolutely sure for all who start at once. Don't delay. Address, STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

Prize. Send six cents for postage, and receive free a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

SALESMEN WANTED. A few good reliable men to act as AGENTS for the sale of our New Fruits and Specialties! together with a full line of NURSERY STOCK Previous experience not essential. ☞ LIVE, ACTIVE MEN EARN GOOD WAGES. For terms address, giving full name, age and reference, Hoopes, Brother & Thomas, West Chester, Penn'a.

TAKE NOTICE OF THIS SPLENDID BARGAIN.—The "New York Weekly World," one of the best weeklies in the United States, by special arrangement with the World publishers, can be had very low by clubbing with the "Reporter." Two new names, clubbing for the "Reporter," will each get the two papers, the "World" and the "Reporter" one year, cash in advance, for $2.25, the regular price for the two being $3. Subscribers to the "Reporter" can have the "World" and "Reporter" for $2.50, in advance, or for $2.25 when clubbing with two new

HAPPY CHILDREN.

How to Make Them So—Keep Them in Health and They Will Take Care of the Rest.

The joy of every well-regulated household comes chiefly from the children. Thousands of affectionate parents do not take care of their children. Through ignorance more than culpable neglect they suffer them to fall sick and die, when knowledge might have saved them to love and home. Dr. David Kennedy offers his "Favorite Remedy" as emphatically a medicine for the children—gentle in its action, containing no harmful ingredients whatever, going straight to the blood, which, when impure, is the seat and source of disease. "Favorite Remedy" is the friend of childhood and should be found in every nursery in the land. Keep it in the house for your children's sake, as well as for your own. Try it and you will be glad you saw this article. Make no mistakes. The medicine is "Favorite Remedy" and the proprietor's name and address: Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y. One dollar a bottle.

Good Words for a Good Thing.—Dr. David Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy" is exactly what it claims to be, and deserves the praises that are showerd upon it by all who have used it. Mr. Israel H. Snyder, of Saugerties, N. Y., says: "My little daughter was covered with salt rheum from head to foot; Dr. Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy" cured her. This was two years ago."

We are not in the habit of puffing any sort of patent medicines in our columns; but we happen to know Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., and can personally testify to the excellence of the medicine which the doctor calls "Favorite Remedy." And if a word of ours will persuade anybody to use it and thus find relief from suffering, no professional etiquette shall hinder us from saying that word. For diseases of the blood, kidney and bowels it has no equal. We would not be without it for five times the dollar that it costs *Daily Times, Troy, New York.*

BILIOUSNESS.

Bilious symptoms invariably arise from indigestion, such as furred tongue, vomiting of bile, giddiness, sick headache, irregular bowels. The liver secretes the bile and acts like a filter or sieve, to cleanse impurities of the blood. By irregularity in its action or suspensions of its functions, the bile is liable to overflow into the blood, causing jaundice, sallow complexion, yellow eyes, bilious diarrhœa, a languid, weary feeling and many other distressing symptoms. Biliousness may be properly termed an affection of the liver, and can be thoroughly cured by the grand regulator of the liver and biliary organs, BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS. Act upon the stomach, bowels and liver, making healthy bile and pure blood, and opens the culverts and sluiceways for the outlet of disease. Sold everywhere and guaranteed to cure.

HARDWARE.
HARDWARE.
HARDWARE

—for—

JAS. A. HARRIS, & CO.
JAS. A. HARRIS, & CO,
—ARE SELLING—
REAPER SECTIONS AND
REAPER SECTIONS AND
REAPERS,
REAPERS,

And all kinds of Farming Tools,

RAKES, FORKS,
SCYTHES,
ROPE BLOCKS
SPROUTS HAY FORKS, &c.

—AS WELL AS ALL KINDS OF HARDWARE, TO MEET THE DEMANDS IN THIS LINE.

JAS. HARRIS & CO.

DR. LINDSEY'S
BLOOD
SEARCHER
FOR THE CURE OF

ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD. CURES ULCERS, ERYSIPELAS, SCROFULA, DEBILITY, CUTANEOUS DISEASES, SORE EYES, PIMPLES ON THE FACE, SALT RHEUM, MERCURIAL DISEASES, AND IN SHORT, IS THE BEST SPRING AND SUMMER MEDICINE EVER OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC. TRY IT, AND BE CONVINCED. IT IS A PURELY VEGETABLE PREPARATION, COMPOUNDED FROM THE FINEST ROOTS, HERBS AND LEAVES, WHICH NATURE HAS PROVIDED FOR THE ILLS OF MAN. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS, EVERYWHERE.

SELLERS' LIVER PILLS,
CURE LIVER COMPLAINT, CONSTIPATION, SICK-HEADACHES, FEVER AND AGUE, AND ALL DISEASES OF THE STOMACH AND LIVER. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS 25 CENTS PER BOX.
R. E. SELLERS & Co. PROP'S.
PITTSBURGH, Pa.

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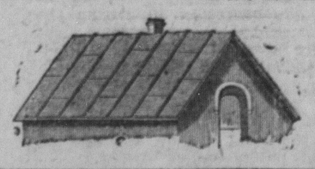
GOOD NEWS TO LADIES.

Greatest inducements ever offered. Now's your time to get up orders for our celebrated Teas and Coffees, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, or Handsome Decorated Gold Band Moss Rose Dinner Set, or Gold Band Moss Decorated Toilet Set. For full particulars address
THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
P. O. Box 289. 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.



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IS THE ONLY;
DOUBLE CAPPED CORRUGATED
ROOFING,
AND IS THE ONLY ONE PREPARED BY THE MANUFACTURERS
READY FOR USE.
J. A. REESMAN,
Centre Hall, Pa., Agent.

Millheim Planing Mill.

Furnishes and Keeps on Hand
SASH, — DOORS,
FLOORING OF ALL KINDS,
SIDING, SHUTTERS,
BLINDS,
MOULDING OF ALL KINDS,
STAIR-RAILING,
&c., &c., &c., &c., &c.
Terms Reasonable, and all Orders Promptly attended to.
23jl1y ISRAEL CONFER & SON

Sunbeams.

A generous father; government pap.

"Bonnets are now trimmed with asses' ears," says a fashion journal. So are dudes.

A man feels a pride in being spoken of as "one of the oldest inhabitants," but a woman never does.

"All I want is a single heart," writes a poetess. Probably she is trying to fill a bob-tail flush.

The reason a man kicks when his wife presents him with twins is because he thinks she is over-bearing.

In walking, the weaker of two persons takes the arm of the stronger. This is why dudes always take ladies' arms.

"That Terrible Man" is the title of a current story. We all know him. He is the father of the boy with a drum. He lives next door.

A man in California has two pairs of ears. If he knows on which side his bread is buttered he will stay single.

If you want to avoid the heat of the city go to the seashore. If you want to avoid the heat of the seashore stay in the city.

Much of the "moaning of the deep, deep sea," heard at Coney Island is undoubtedly caused by the playing of the brass bands.

The most practical of recent graduates hails from Pennsylvania. The subject of her graduating essay was: "Wanted—a man."

Bank directors are supposed to know what the clerks of the bank do. Clerks know what the directors do, but they would not like to tell.

A young man in Boston who inherited $280,000 got away with it in three years' time, and he never had an extra pair of suspenders at that.

There is no miserable, hidebound spirit of exclusiveness in Tennessee. A man who is to be hung there can invite three friends to the execution.

The king of Siam has about three hundred children. This explains who the favorite hymn among the people of Utah is "Just as Siam."

"How natural that tigar looks," exclaimed a visitor to Central Park Menagerie. "Yes," replied Harvey Denton, "that is because he is alive."

Madam Demorest writes: "The jersey is worn only for demi-toilet." Why, of course; no woman would think of making a full toilet of a jersey alone.

Some people think it very funny to laugh at a policeman, but we have passed through the city several times late at night and seen nothing to laugh at.

"Charles, dear," she murmured, as they strolled along the other evening, and gazed upwards at the bejewelled firmament, "which is Venus, and which is Adonis?"

It is remarkable what a differance there is in the sensation when you get a letter inclosing a ten dollar bill and when you get one inclosing a bill for ten dollars.

Mamma: Don't you think, Emma, you are getting a little too old to be playing with the boys so much?" Emma: "I know it, but the older I get the better I like 'em."

"All alone, my dear child. I am afraid that husband of yours neglects you terribly. He is always at his club when I call." "Yes, mamma; but he's at home at all other times."

Small boy at school, reading in First Reader: "This is a goat. This is a kid." "What a kid, Daniel?" askes the teacher. "Please, a'am, a kid is a baby," responds the lad.

Nautical husband (jokingly)—"Oh, I'm the mainstay of the family." Wife—"Yes, and the jibboon, and the—and the—" Small boy (from experience)—"And the spanker, too, mamma."

Little Bess to gentleman caller—"You ain't black, are you, Mr. M——?" "Black, child? Why no; I should hope not. What made you think I was?" "Oh, nothin'; 'cept pa said you was awful niggardly."

A woman cured her husband of staying out late at night by going to the door when he came home, and whispering through the key-hole, "Is that you, Willie?" Her husband's name is John, and he stays at home every night now.

"Oh, dear," yawned a little boy after he had returned from church. "I don't wonder the world is so full of wickedness." "Why so?" asked the astonished mother. "'Cause God picked out such a tedious day for Sunday."

A little girl whose father died when she was but three years old mentioned the fact that she did not attend his funeral. "Why not?" was asked of her. "Well," she said, "I was not old enough to appreciate his death, I suppose."

Two tramps stopped at the house of a lone widow and one went in to beg. Very soon he came out with a bloody nose and a black eye. "Did you get anything, Jack?" "Yes," growled the sufferer. "I've got the widows might."

Early in the season as it is, the report is out that the dreaded ice-bug has made its appearance, and is eating up vast quantities of the ice that has been stored away. Thus it seems that in spite of the cold weather ice will be as dear as ever this summer.

A lady in Twenty-fourth street got to laughing over some amusing incident and couldn't stop. Finally a doctor was called in, and he could not quiet her. But at last a friend thought to remark that the lady's mouth looked very large when she laughed, and that put a stop to her mirth at once.

"My dear," said a Harlem wife who had been married three years, as she beamed across the table on her lord and master, "tell me what first attracted you to me. What pleasant characteristic did I possess which placed me above other women in your sight?" And her lord and master sharply said. "I give it up."

Two Sixth avenue shop girls were talking. "My employer," said the pretty one, with a toss of her head, "says I'm an angle, and he is just too handsome for anything." "Bah," replied the homely one, with a sneer, angles must be right cheep and pleanty when he won't pay them more than four dollars a week for sixteen hours' work a day."

Ask your grocer for ORIENTAL, full roller process flour.

GRANT IN MEXICO.

A correspondent says: Some time since, in speaking with Capt. H. L. Shields, of Troy, N. Y.—a most gallant officer of the army in the war with Mexico—of Gen. Grant, the Captain narrated an instance of the great soldier's heroism at the capture of the City of Mexico. The Captain is now at his summer home at Bennington, and we telegraphed him a request to write for us some reminiscences of the deceased General. This the Captain has done with characteristic elegance of diction, but with the brevity of a soldier. Capt. Shields' tribute to Grant in the closing lines is as pointed as it is brief:

"I was a cadet at West Point during part of the time that U. S. Grant was there—my senior by a few years. He was then a quiet, modest young man, with no enemies, and but few intimate personal friends. He was remarkable only as a bold, fearless horseman. He rode the three-quarter bred chestnut horse York, noted at the Military Academy in those days as an animal of great courage and style and a remarkable jumper. I have seen Cadet Grant, in the riding hall, take York a flying leap over a bar held above the heads of two dragoons of ordinary height.

"After graduating I did not see him again until the Mexican war, when we were attached to the same brigade (Garland's of Worth's division in Gen. Scott's army). This brigage took the advance in the Valley of Mexico on one of the causeways leading to the capital of that country. When nearing the city we found the approaches so well swept by artillery in intrenchments as to check our advancing columns. Night closed on us after the day's fighting, with our brigade resting on its arms and somewhat doubtful of our successful entry into the city the next day. Lieut. Grant, (as I understood at the time), without orders and at great personal peril, took a few soldiers, and with axes and picks actually chopped his way through the walls of the buildings on the side of this avenue, until he reached the rear of the Mexican batteries which enfiladed the street, when, by a few well directed musketry shots from the housetops, the cannoneers were driven from their posts and abandoned their guns and so opened the way for our troops. Thus, much of the credit of the capture of the halls of the Montezumas with so little loss was due to the reckless bravery and cool judgment of the late earnest, honest, just, and truly great soldier, Ulysses S. Grant. I believe that no other man has passed through such an eventful life leaving no enemies and having so many admirers and friends.

GRANT'S FIRST NOMINATION.

A veteran of the Seventeenth Maine Regiment tells the story of Gen. Grant's first nomination for the presidency. The second Corps was marching from Cold Harbor to Richmond, and one morning, when about ten miles from the Confederate capital, a halt was made for breakfast near an old church. Some of the boys entered the church out of curiosity, and the first thing that met their gaze was an inscription in charcoal upon the dead white wall back of the pulpit. It reads:

Ulysses S. Grant; may he be hung, drawn, and quartered.

The first impulse of the soldiers was to take revenge by burning the church, and this would undoubtedly have been done had not one of the men approached the pulpit and discovered another inscription, which could not be read from the further end of the church. It was this:

Hung with the laurels of victory, drawn in the chariot of peace, and quartered in the White House at Washington.

The church was saved.

A distinguished officer here tells a new story of Gen. Grant. In one of the opening battles of Grant's last campaign, a Maine soldier received a peculiar and painful while not dangerous wound. He was but a short distance from Gen. Grant, who at the time was talking to Gen. Hancock. The Maine man yelled with considerable vigor, and Gen. Grant, turning to Col. Moore, now of Deering, said: "Let that man go to the rear; he'll demoralize the entire rebel army if he keeps up screaming in that way." At that time Gen. Grant was in constant danger of being killed.

SUCCESSFUL AS A CLERK.

"When Grant was in Chicago three or four years ago," said an army official, "he lounged about Sheridan's headquarters a good deal. His son Fred was at that time on Sheridan's staff, but was absent one day, and Grant took his place at Fred's desk and looked after the business. A nervous, fidgety, irritable old fellow came in to inquire for some paper that he had left with Fred. When he stated his case Grant took up the matter in a sympathetic way, and proceeded after the manner of an overanxious clerk to look the paper up. The document could not be found, and Grant, apologizing, walked with the old gentleman to the door. As I walk down the stairs with the mollified visitor he turned and asked. 'Who is that old codger? He is the politest clerk I ever saw at military headquarters. I hope Sheridan will keep him.' I answered, quietly. 'That is Gen. Grant.' The fidgety old gentleman, after staring at me for a full minute, said, with considerable fervour. 'I will give you fifty cents if you will kick me down stairs.'"

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Superior Excellence.

The reasons for PERUNA'S superior excellence in all diseases, and its *modus operandi*, are fully explained in Dr. Hartman's lecture, reported in his book on the "Ills of Life and How to Cure Them," from page 1 to page 10 though the whole book should be read and studied to get the full value of this *par excellent* remedy. These books can be had at all the drug stores gratis.

W. D. Williams, U. S. Pension Agent and Notary Public, New Vienna, Clinton County, Ohio, writes: "I take great pleasure in testifying to your medicines. I have used about one bottle and a half, and can say I am almost a new man. Have had the catarrh about twenty years. Before I knew what it was, had settled on the lungs and breast, but can now say I am almost well. Was in the army; could get no medicine there that would relieve me."

Col. E. Finger, Ashland, Ohio, writes: "I am happy to say I have used several bottles of your medicine called PERUNA, and my health has been greatly improved by it. I cheerfully recommend PERUNA to all who suffer with heart trouble, as being an invaluable medicine."

Rev. J. M. Ingling, Altamont, Ill., writes: "My father-in-law, who resides with me has been using your PERUNA for kidney disease, which has afflicted him for forty years and could get no relief until he saw your medicine. I induced him to try a bottle, which he did, and the one bottle of PERUNA and one bottle of MANALIN has given him more relief than all the other medicines he ever used."

Mr. Robert Grimes, Rendville, Ohio, writes: "My wife has been an intense sufferer from chronic catarrh, and after every other remedy had failed she commenced to use your PERUNA and MANALIN. They have helped my dear wife more than anything she has ever used. She has now taken two bottles, and is so much better that she will never quit its use until she is entirely well. It has wonderfully improved her sight. We think PERUNA and MANALIN will cure any disease."

R. Palmer, Pastor of the A. M. E. Church, No. 192 Canal Street, Wilkesbarre, Luzerne Co., Pa., writes: "Having used your PERUNA, and by experience became acquainted with its value, I write asking you to please send me five bottles of PERUNA and one of MANALIN by express and oblige, your humble servant."

Cook Bros., Prospect, Marion County, Ohio, writes: "We have a good trade on PERUNA; our customers speak well of it.

A SINGER FOR $20.

Any subscriber to the Reporter can get a new Singer Sewing Machine, and the REPORTER one year for $20. The machine has two side drawers, drop leaf and cover, with usual attachments and a full and complete set of extra attachments along with it, 1 ruffler, tucker, binder, four hemmers, gauge, 1 extra cloth plate, 1 quilter, 1 extra presser foot and 1 thread cutter, all of latest and most improved pattern. Every machine is fully guaranteed to be a new Singer Machine in good working order. See cut above. You can examine before you pay your cash. aug20

AFTER DINNER.

Persons who suffer from Indigestion can arrest the progress of that painful malady by the use of an **after-dinner pill**, so composed that it will give tone to the stomach, prevent heartburn, rouse the liver to healthful action, invigorate the kidneys, and thus, through the activity of these organs, promote the natural movement of the stomach and bowels. AYER'S PILLS are so compounded that their action, though mild, effectually produces the above results. They also, in curing Constipation, remove the cause of Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Kidney Disease, Rheumatism, and many other serious ailments.

AYER'S PILLS

contain no mineral nor poisonous substance, and do not gripe unless the bowels are irritated, and even then their influence is healing. To continue their effect in constipated or chronic cases, they need only be taken in diminishing instead of increasing doses. For seamen, and inhabitants or travelers in sparsely settled countries where physicians are not at hand, they are of inestimable value. There is hardly a sickness they will not alleviate, and in most cases cure, if taken promptly. To young girls just entering upon womanhood, and to women whose period of maternity is drawing to a close, Ayer's Pills, in moderate doses, merely sufficient to ensure regular action of the bowels, will be found of

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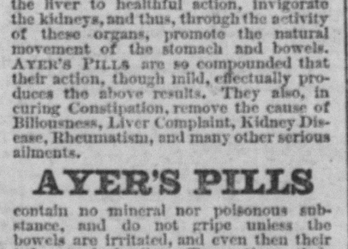

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SYMPTOMS OF A
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Loss of appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, Fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Headache over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, Highly colored Urine, and

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TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25c. 44 Murray St., N.Y.

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GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.
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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.—(Philadelphia and Erie Division)—on and after July 5, 1885.

	WESTWARD.	
ERIE MAIL leaves	Philadelphia	11 20 p m
" "	Harrisburg	3 30 a m
" "	Montandon	5 45 a m
" "	Williamsport	7 25 a m
" "	Jersey Shore	7 57 a m
" "	Lock Haven	8 25 a m
" "	Renovo	9 35 a m
" arr at	Erie	6 00 p m
NEWS EXPRESS leaves	Philadelphia	4 30 a m
" "	Harrisburg	8 10 a m
" "	Montandon	10 12 a m
" "	Williamsport	11 10 a m
" arr at	Lock Haven	12 05 p m
NIAGARA EXP. leaves	Philadelphia	7 40 a m
" "	Harrisburg	11 25 a m
" "	Montandon	1 20 a m
" arr at	Williamsport	2 55 p m
" "	Lock Haven	3 50 p m
" "	Renovo	5 05 p m
" "	Kane	9 25 p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at		5 05 p m
EAST LINE leaves	Philadelphia	11 50 p m
" "	Harrisburg	3 45 p m
" "	Montandon	5 54 p m
" "	Williamsport	7 15 p m
" "	Lock Haven	8 15 p m
" arr at	Renovo	9 15 p m
	(Sunday Train. EASTWARD.	
SUNDAY MAIL leaves	Philadelphia	4 30 a m
" "	Harrisburg	7 40 a m
" "	Montandon	9 57 a m
" "	Williamsport	10 40 a m
" "	Lock Haven	11 33 a m
" arrives	Renovo	12 30 p m
SEA SHORE EXP. leaves	Lock Haven	7 00 a m
" "	Jersey Shore	7 29 a m
" "	Williamsport	8 10 a m
" "	Montandon	9 16 a m
" arr at	Harrisburg	11 30 a m
" "	Philadelphia	3 15 p m
DAY EXPRESS leaves	Kane	5 45 a m
" "	Renovo	10 00 a m
" "	Lock Haven	11 00 a m
" "	Williamsport	12 15 p m
" "	Montandon	1 17 p m
" arr at	Harrisburg	3 25 p m
" "	Philadelphia	6 50 p m
WMPT ACM'N leaves	Renovo	2 40 p m
" "	Lock Haven	5 00 p m
" "	Williamsport	6 35 p m
" "	Montandon	7 41 p m
" arrives at	Harrisburg	10 00 p m
" "	Philadelphia	4 25 a m
Sunday Train—Williamsport Accom'n East runs also on Sundry.		2 20 p m
ERIE MAIL leaves	Erie	10 40 p m
" "	Renovo	11 45 p m
" "	Lock Haven	1 05 a m
" "	Williamsport	2 10 a m
" "	Montandon	4 30 a m
" arr at	Harrisburg	8 25 a m
" "	Philadelphia	

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R R; at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD.
Daily Except Sunday.

Westward.			STATIONS.	Eastward.		
P M	A M	A M		A M	P M	P M
1 35	10 20	5 50	Montandon	9 10	1 10	5 50
1 50	10 35	6 00	Lewisburg, arrive	8 55	12 55	5 35
2 15	10 35	7 25	Lewisburg, leave	8 35	12 40	4 50
2 20	10 40	7 30	Fair Grounds	8 30	12 35	4 45
2 30	10 51	7 40	Beihl	8 20	12 24	4 34
2 36	11 00	7 45	Vicksburg	8 15	12 16	4 28
3 00	11 20	8 00	Mifflinburg	8 00	12 00	4 13
3 28		8 22	Milmont	7 40		3 52
3 40		8 35	Laurelton	7 30		3 40
5 00		9 48	Coburn	6 18		2 20
5 30		10 15	Rising Spring	5 50		1 50
		10 39	Centre Hall			1 28
		10 48	Gregg			1 19
		11 00	Linden Hall			1 08
		11 10	Oak Hall			1 00
		11 20	Lemont			12 50

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.25 a.m., 10 a m, and 7.30 p m, returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.20 a m, 6.05 p m and 7 50 p m.

CHAS. E PUGH, General Manager.
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Where a general line of Plaining Mill work is none, such as
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DOORS and SASH.
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Furniture at Wholesale.
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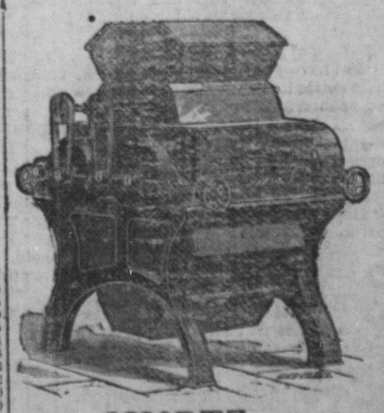

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NOW READY FOR THE MANUFACTURE OF
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FLOUR AND FEED WILL BE EXCHANGED FOR ALL KINDS OF GRAIN, AND AT RETAIL FOR CASH.
Highest Market Prices Paid for Grain.
The outfit of the mill is the finest and among the best in the world, and work will be done equal to any mill in the country.
FLOUR AND FEED AT WHOLESALE
KURTZ & SON.

WILD ROSES.

On long, serene midsummer days
Of ripening fruit and yellowed grain,
How sweetly, by dim woodland ways,
In tangled hedge or leafy lane,
Fair wild rose thickets, you unfold
Those pale pink stars with hearts of gold!

Your sleek patrician sisters dwell
On lawns where gleams the shrub's trim bosk,
In terraced gardens, tendered well,
Near pebbled walk and quaint kiosk,
In costlier urns their colors rest;
They beam on beauty's fragrant breast.

But you in lowly calm abide,
Scarce heeded save by breeze or bee;
You know what splendor, pomp and pride
Full oft your brilliant sisters see;
What sorrow, too, and bitter fears—
What mad farewells and hopeless tears.

How some are kept in old, dear books,
That once in bridal wreaths were worn;
How some are kissed, with tender looks,
And later tossed aside with scorn;
How some their spotless petals lay
On icy foreheads pale as they!

So, while these truths you vaguely guess,
Abloom in many a lonesome spot,
Shy roadside roses, may you bless
The fate that rules your modest lot,
Like rustic maids that meekly stand
Below the ladies of the land!

DEVOTED FRIENDS.

Ralph Archer and Louis Plover were held so closely together by the interlacings of friendship that they were rarely ever seen apart from each other. They were employed in the same department of the Arkansas State government; they occupied the same room, read the same books, and, at the restaurant, as Archer once declared, always ate off the same table-cloth. Both Archer and Plover were much given to reading. The war having come on just in time to spoil the chances of a professional course at college, the two young men after the giant struggle had ceased, found themselves almost on a financial level with the demonstrative old Southern governor, who, when asked if he could not aid in the construction of a railray, replied: "You, gentlemen, may not believe it, but I haven't a blamed cent." Archer's parents were dead; Plover's father, mother and sister lived a short distance from town, in an old red brick house, where the two friends often spent much of their leisure time. Young Plover was especially devoted to his sister, a tall young woman who wore short hair. She possessed a soft, winning voice, but her eyes were catlike; she was easy of manner, but her words of greeting echoed with the hollowness of insincerity. Vain and envious, spiteful and jealous, the keen perception of young Archer told him that nature had not granted to her that rich generosity with which her brother had been endowed.

"Ella," Plover one day said to his sister, "what do you think of my friend?"

"Mr. Archer?"

"Yes, you know I always speak o' him as my friend."

"Oh, I like him because he is your friend."

"And for no other reason, Ella?"

"You musn't ask me that, Lu."

"Well, but I wan't to know, sis."

"Are you afraid that I will marry him?"

"Afraid! Why, I would give anything if you should. He is a noble fellow, and quite worthy of you. In fact, he is the only man I would like to see you marry. Tell me, now, don't you love him?"

"Lu, you must be crazy. Do you suppose that I am going to tell you that I love a man before I find out that the man loves me? Tell me, Lu, did he ever say anything about me?"

"Oh, it is hardly time yet, for you have been home but a short time. Do you know that I cannot bear the idea of your being a governess any longer? I couldn't stand it, that's all."

"You are getting off the subject, Bud. Are you sure you never heard him say anything about me?"

"Quite sure. I have never asked him, and he is not the man to tell me unless I should."

"I tell you one thing I've noticed. Every time he comes home with you—no, I won't say it."

"Yes, you must. What were you going to say?"

"No, it is better to leave it unsaid. It would sound selfish."

"Remember, girl, that you are talking to your brother. What were you going to say?"

"That while down here he always goes over to Gladrow's."

"What of that?"

"He goes to see Eva Gladrow. That's what there is of it."

"I think not. I have never heard him speak of her."

"But have you asked him? You said just now that he was not a man to tell you such things unless you should ask him. I declare the friendship existing between you two men is peculiar. You never confide your secrets to each other."

"Because we have none, doubtless."

"No, it is because you don't know how to be friends. You make a pretense of thinking much of each other, but I just know it wouldn't take anything hardly to make you fight."

"If he should insult me I would fight him, of course; but understanding each other so well, there is no likelihood of a quarrel. Believe I'll take a stroll. Want to go, pet?"

"No. Say, Lu, sometime I wish you would ask him."

"Ask him what?"

"Don't you remember? Oh, pshaw, your recollection is not as long as my finger. Ask him what he thinks of me."

Young Archer sat in the Gladrow parlor. Beside him sat a girl with sunny hair, glowing cheeks, and eyes expressive of tenderest love.

"So you had no idea that I loved you, little girl?" taking her hand.

"I had hoped so, but I thought you must love your friend's sister."

"I don't see what put that into your head."

"Because she is so intelligent, I suppose."

"Nonsense, little woman. If she were the only being in the world I could not love her."

"Tell me, Mr. Archer," she anxiously asked, "are you quite sure that you really love me? If you should ever discover that you had made a mistake, how awful it would be."

"Such a time will never come," he replied, arising, leaning over and kissing her. "I could love no one else, for I believe that we were created for each other. I know that such words must have an old sound, but they are true, Eva, and old truths are the truest truths that exist."

"Are you going so soon?"

"Yes, the Plover's will keep dinner waiting. Good-bye, sweet girl," putting his arm around her. "I shall see you again soon."

She accompanied him to the door and kissed him.

"Hello!" cried Plover as Archer was passing through the orchard. "Which way?"

"Just going to the house," stopping and joining his friend. "I didn't want them to keep dinner waiting."

"Where have you been roaming around?"

"I am not much of a roamer, you know. With an easy place to sit and an entertaining book I can content myself without killing time by muscular force."

"Have you been reading a book, Archer?" asked Plover, looking slyly at his friend.

"Yes, a book of beautiful poems. Shall we return to town this evening?"

"Just as you say. I am willing at any time. Father complained this morning because we do not come down oftener. He is growing old and I must humor him. Ella shall not go out again as governess. It makes me mad every time that I think she has been compelled to work for a living. It shall not occur again. Tell me, Archer, what do you think of her?"

"How could I think otherwise than well of my friend's sister? I am astonished that you should ask such a question, old boy."

"I am rather astonished myself, but it was anxiety, Archer, for it would be a grievous disappointment to know that you did not like her. There's the dinner bell now. We are just in time."

Mr. and Mrs. Plover were quite old people. They looked as though their spirits, once gay and vigorous had been broken. The empty row of cabins falling into decay; the once rich land now fluted with innumerable gullies; the black stumps where the boughs of the walnut grove once whispered in luxuriant drowse; the falling roof of the gin house—all may have had much to do with throwing the shadow of sadness on the faces of the old man and his wife.

After dinner the family ascended to the parlor. One by one they went away until Archer found himself and Ella to be the only occupants of the room.

"We are much gratified with your visits, Mr. Archer, said the young lady, "and we hope that you will accompany brother every time he comes home."

"I warmly appreciate the kindness you have all shown me, Miss Ella. This place reminds me so much of my own old home, whose smile was blighted by the frown of war, that I never tire of contemplating its surroundings."

"I hope the inmates, too, receive a share of your attention."

"Oh, yes. To the inmates, I think, belong the especial charm."

"Thank you. I did not think you could be so gallant."

"You are mistaking mere truth for gallantry."

"Do you know that I once thought that your conversation was surely as musty as the old books you read? Yes, and I could in imagination see you raking the cobwebs from your voice."

"An inconsistent conceit, Miss Ella, for in the first place I do not read musty books. Some of them may be old—which makes them all the better—but they are not musty. Mustiness does not necessarily accompany age. If so, old wine would be no longer sought. Where did Louis go? It was our intention to return this evening."

"If you are not entertained I will call him?"

He looked up quickly, and studying her face, to discover whether the remark were in jest, replied:

"Another inconsistent conceit. You must think that I am beyond the range of entertainment."

"Oh, no, Mr. Archer. I know that I am dull. I know there are persons with whom you can find keener enjoyment."

Archer began to grow nervous and long for a chance to escape. Her face was flushed, and with a stare almost brazen, she gazed into his eyes. "You would rather talk to Eva Gladrow, and you can't deny it. Oh, I know I am dull."

"You are certainly peculiar, Miss Plover."

"An adroit admission. Peculiar people are always dull. Shall I call my brother?"

"If you please."

Louis and his father were standing in the yard. She went to the window and called. A moment later Louis entered the room.

"Your friend is very restless," she said. You'd better take him back to town."

"Ready any time, Arch. The horses are at the gate. Good-bye, sis. We'll be down again pretty soon."

"Good-evening, Miss Plover,"

"Good-evening, sir."

Louis looked in astonishment.

"What makes you so silent?" ashed Plover to his friend, when they had ridden some distance toward town.

"Your own silence, Louis, must have suggested the remark. You have not spoke since we left the house."

"I was thinking of sister."

"So was I," Archer could not help but rejoin.

"She is a dear girl, Arch, but I fear that you do not understand her."

"Rather strange, I think."

"How strange?" Louis eagerly asked.

"Oh, I don't know."

"Of course not. If you knew, she would not be strange. Mystery ceases when we understand it, and the fact that you do not understand her, makes her strange. Don't you think she is like my mother?"

"No."

"Like my father, eh?"

"No, she is unlike any one I have ever seen."

"You are not in a very good humor, Arch. I don't believe I ever before found you to be so gloomy."

Archer went down into the country the next day, but instead of stopping at Plover's, he went direct to Gladrow's. A negro girl met him at the door,

"Can I see Miss Eva?"

"But for a moment, sir," replied the young lady, appearing in the hall. Archer advanced, not without perturbation, and extended his hand, The girl drew back.

"What on earth is the matter?" he asked.

"I don't wish to see you again, sir. You are unworthy of any one's confidence. I do not care to hear an explanation. Oh, you are a villain," bursting into a flood of tears, "Leave this house or I'll call my father. Go, I tell you!"

Archer was stunned. Mounting his horse he rode away. He could not understand the cause of the treatment he he had received. He had not proceeded far when he met a young lady with whom he was acquainted—a friend of Miss Gladrow.

"Did you see Eva?" asked the young lady.

'Yes, but she—"

"I understand, and have tried to reason with her, but her heart is almost broken."

"Great heaven, what is the cause of all this?"

"I will tell you, but you must not allow my name to be mentioned. Late yesterday evening Ella Plover, in whom Eva had great confidence, came over, very much excited, and told Eva that she had just rejected your offer of marriage. 'I told him,' she said, 'that I thought he was in love with you, but he laughed derisively, and replied that you were a weak little thing, credulous and without force of character.' That's the cause, but please don't say I told you."

"Archer did not go to his room until late at night. The thought of meeting Louis made him shudder. When he entered the room, Louis was lying on the bed, reading.

"Hello, Arch; been down in the country, eh? Did you see sister?"

"See the dickens!"

Louis sprang up. "What do you mean?"

"I beg your pardon, Louis. I did not intend to speak so harshly. Your sister has ruined me."

"Ruined you!"

"Yes. She told Eva Gladrow that I had proposed to her, that—oh, she made me out a wretch, and—"

"I don't believe a word of it?"

"Well."

"And more than that, you shall not speak in that manner of my sister."

"You have heard what I said."

"Yes, and you shall hear what I say. You have a friend handy, I suppose?"

"I am not altogether friendless."

"Very well, getting up and putting on his clothes, "My friend will call on you, sir. Good night,"

An hour afterward arrangements for a duel were completed. The young men were to meet in the country, not far from the Plover residence. Louis had expressed this wish, so that one or both of them, as the case migh be, could be conveyed to the old house. The sun had just risen when the parties met in a little field surrounded by woods.

"Louis," said Archer, "even though we fight, let us remain friends. I cannot bear to think that the long time we have spent together was wasted. The word friendship was not to be blotted from the page of human intercouse."

"Archer," replied Plover, "as a man my heart warms toward you, but as a brother I can shoot you."

"Gentlemen," said one of the seconds, "can't we somehow arrange this unfortunate affair so that blood will not be spilled?"

"I am afraid not," Archer replied.

"It can be," exclaimed Plover. "Tell me from whom you got your information. Then we can investigate."

"I cannot."

"Then, sir, I am ready."

'I don't see any harm in telling him,' said Plover's second. "Even though you were to violate a promise you could find consolation in the thought that you had saved human life."

"Your remarks are kind, but unavailing," rejoined Archer. "I believe that my informant told the truth."

"I am ready," remarked Plover.

"Who is that climbing the fence?" asked Archer's second. "Your father, Plover. Yes, and he's got a gun.

The old man slowly approached. Taking his gun from his shoulder and coocking it, he said:

"I've got fifteen buckshot in each barrel, and I will kill the first man that says anything about fighting. Oh, I heard all about it. You are a fine lot of fools. Going to shoot each other, eh? Louis, Archer is right.

Louis dropped his pistol

"Ella confessed it to me. She and Eva have made friends, and, Archer, she is at my house, waiting for you."

Archer dropped his pistol.

"Wouldn't this have been a fine come off?" continued the old man. "I am a great mind to take a stick and beat all of you. Let us go to the house. Breakfast is about ready."

Louis and Archer embraced each other.

* * * * *

"I never saw Eva look so happy," remarked old man Gladrow to his wife.

"Well she may be, David, for she's got a good husband, and what more could a girl ask, I'd like to know?"

Wind.

The role of wind in fertilizing the ground is remarkable illustrated by the very fertile valley of Limagne, in Auvergne. The prevalent winds there are west and southwest, and traverse the chain of the Domes, where are vast deposits of volcanic ashes. Much of this dust is thus carried to the Limagne valley, and settles there of itself, or is carried down by rain or snow. As it contains a large amount of phosphoric acid, potash and lime, it is highly fertilizing, and its very fine state favors rapid assimilation. As a result, Limagne is by far the most fertile valley in Europe.

The one answer to all criticisms, the best test of all work, is—result.

A Pennsylvania Bull-Fight.

William Kelley is a large, powerful man, with considerable experience in the handling of horses and cattle. He was sent by the Poor Board to Beaver to bring back the Jersey bull Duke of Maumee, recently purchased, to be placed on the Poor Farm. The animal cost considerable money, and Mr. Kelley was loaded down with cautions as to how he must care for him, and not let his charge come to any injury. Mr. Kelley lassoed the bovine, and, putting a "snapper" in his nose, tied a rope to it, and led the bull to the train.

The animal was placed in an ordinary freight car, and tied to a ring in one end. Naturally very ugly and excitable, the bull got almost frantic with the noise and motion of the train. Kelley dared not leave him, and remained in the car. Within ten minutes of the start the bull broke the rope with which he was tied close up to the ring in the nose. The train was running along pretty fast and Kelley was afraid that the animal would jump from the car, and so he turned and drove the gentleman into the opposite corner. Then the Jersey Taurus seemed to be struck with the idea that if he lifted Mr. Kelley up through the roof it would be safer for all concerned. Mr. Kelley naturally objected, and some twenty minutes was spent very much in the same position as a couple of marbles would take in a rapidly revolving pan.

Finally Mr. Kelley succeeded in getting hold of the ring in the nose of the gentleman from Beaver, and to this he clung. When the bull would get restive and try to shake him loose, people along the line thought it was thunder. Kelley started out to save the bull, but inside of twenty minutes would have given $50 to save himself. He finally half-tired the animal out, so that he would stand pretty quiet except when the train would stop. Then the bull would lead Mr. Kelley up and down the car a few times for exercise, Kelley says it was so dark that he could only see the animal's eyes and a white spot on the end of his tail. The two eyes, he says, looked like coach-lamps. At Chartiers the train stopped. A tramp came along, and, seeing the car-door open, climbed in to steal a ride.

"Here, you," said Kelley. "Got a match?"

"Yes," said the tramp, as he produced the lucifer.

"For God's sake light it and help me tie this bull," said Kelley.

The tramp, getting the location of the pair, soon helped Kelley tie him and the rampant bovine rode into Pittsburg in the gray of the morning quiescent.

Stanley's Sketch of a Slave Pen in Congo.

There are rows upon rows of dark nakedness, relieved here and there by the white dresses of the captors. There are lines or groups of naked forms, upright, standing or moving about listlessly, naked bodies are stretched under the sheds in all positions; naked legs innumerable are seen in the perspective of prostrate sleepers; there are countless naked children, many mere infants, forms of boyhood and girlhood, and occasionally a drove of absolutely naked old women, bending under a basket of fuel, or cassava tubers, or bananas, who are driven through the moving groups by two or three musketeers. On paying more attention to details I observed that mostly all are fettered; youths with iron rings about their necks; through which a chain, like one of our boat chains, is rove, securing the captives by twenties. The children over 10 are secured by three copper rings, each ringed leg brought together by the central ring, which accounts for the apparent listlessness of movement I observed on first coming in presence of the curious scene. The mothers are secured by shorter chains, around whom their respective progeny of infants are grouped, hiding the cruel iron links that fall in loops or festoons over their mammas' breasts. There is not one adult man captive among them. * * * Little perhaps as my face betrayed my feelings, other pictures would crowd upon the imagination; and after realizing the extent and depth of the misery presented to me, I walked about as in a kind of dream, wherein I saw through the darkness of the night the stealthy forms of the murderers creeping toward the doomed town, its inmates all asleep, and no sound issuing from the gloom but the drowsy hum of chirping cicada or distant frogs—when suddenly flashes the light of brandishing torches; the sleeping town is involved in flames, while volleys of musketry lay low the frightened and astonished people, sending many through a short minute of agony to that soundless sleep from which there will be no waking.

A Drifting Charnel House.

Yellow fever is the direct result of the slave traffic, the dread scourge having been unknown in America till brought here by that trade. The African disease intensified by the filthy habits of human cargoes, came first to the port of Vera Cruz with a slave ship in 1699, and in like manner was transferred to all the West Indies. In Vera Cruz, whenever an old wall is taken down or a street dug into, the fever is sure to break out with redoubled force in that locality, thus showing that the germs are always present, though sometimes dormant until disturbed.

Among the numerous yellow fever stories with which Vera Cruzans are wont to cheer visiting strangers, they tell that once a vessel drifted into port, apparently at random, and without hoisting any of the usual signals. Rumors ran through the town that a pirate ship had arrived, or some foreign embassy on a secret mission; but finally the strange craft was boarded by the authorities, who found it to be a charnel house of decomposing corpses, for every soul on board had perished of vomito.

The Western Druggist says there is a largely increased demand for the gum of the eucalyptus tree, on account of its effect in removing scales in steam boilers and in preventing rust and "pitting." Extensive eucalyptus forests are to be planted in California with the object of supplying the demand.

THE FASHIONS.

—The combinations of delicate colors, and soft tints show progressive insight into artistic effects not confined to the most expensive styles or fabrics. For years out-door costumes have been too much limited to black and dull shades of brown or gray, a penitential kind of dress always suggestive of a sack-cloth-and-ashes era, with no chance of a saving dispensation. For ordinary useful wear neutral, serviceable colors and fabrics are most suitable; but out-door life needs brightening touches, and we find them in shades of heliotrope, in the prevalence of cream white, in the revival of soft pink and canary colors, and the introduction of gold, silver or bronze threads or powdered effects into a great variety of stuffs and almost all millinery decorations. If bright surface colors were used in silks, wools and metal, the effects would be intolerably vulgar and showy, but little by little the soft tints known as "esthetic," and laughed at when associated with a peculiar kind of dress, have crept into public estimation from their inherent beauty and adaptability, and now we find the gray and peacock blues, the terra-cottas, the bronze, the cresson and olive greens, the palest shades of gold, the soft wood browns, the stone grays, the tints in white, the flesh pinks, and others as lovely and suggestive, in possession of the field, and the hard greens and purples and yellows of a few years ago voted out of date. Even to the high colors there is a depth which holds light and shade and subtle possibilities, while many of the more recent show iridescent mixtures, or are woven in different shades for graduated combinations.

—Another and still more popular method of softening high color, or rendering still more delicate the light colors, is by covering with lace or embroidery. The modern method of making these beautiful fabrics has brought them within the reach of a much larger number, and diversified the resources of even the most economical dressing. All the prettiest patterns in hand-made laces and needlework are now reproduced by machinery, and may be used by the most modest aspirant to taste and distinction in her toilet. American women are beginning to be appreciative of out-door life, and to find more pleasure in it. One of the reasons for this is that they join more freely than formerly in the out-door sports of men: hunting, boating, driving, tennis, and even ball and cricket. All these require a difference of costume from the ordinary conventional standards, and help to give variety and picturesqueness to our social life. Every one, it is true, does not dress according to the best standards of taste and propriety even in society, but there are others who are governed more by correct instinct than by conventional ideas, and they infuse their own healthful, natural spirit into the dress atmosphere. It is impossible to see the propriety or the taste displayed in wearing white satin dresses for a coaching trip, or beaded velvet to fish in; but one can rejoice in combinations of tinted satine, with plain color covered with open embroidery, that look like satin, or soft flannel, blue trimmed with white, gray combined with poppy-red, and cream white with gold, that make a group of young women a charming incident in a summer landscape, and all the more so since their dress is suitable and healthful, as well as pretty and becoming.

—The light and dark shades of rock and stone gray, and also of smoke and blue gray, violet and canary shades are charming for those to whom they are not too trying, and also rose pink, premising that the considerate modiste will always soften where it is necessary with mixed embroidery upon the material or lace. But there is one mistake that is commonly made that should be avoided, and this is using a trimming that bears no relation to the dress. It is not infrequent to see darned cotton lace, in showy patterns and wide widths; put on fine woolen materials, such as nuns' veiling and even Chuddah cloth. The reason is that it is cheap and showy, but it is wholly unsuitable for this purpose, and it would be better to finish with some dainty tucking in the material than to put on a lace only suited to ordinary lawns and darned, or what are called Madras, muslins.

—For morning toilet an elegant *deshabille* silk crape is much employed, trimmed with white lace and flowing bows of ribbon. This crape, plaited or gathered, falls loose, is rounded off in draperies, but is never tight-fitting. In a simpler style we have plain or printed foulard, trimmed with imitation Mechlin, Valenciennes or other lace. Woolen lace is in greater vogue than ever.

—Traveling mantels when made the shape of a visite are long and with large sleeves, redingotes and pelisses fit tight and have many plaits or gathers at the back, a band or string put on the inside draws in the waist, and they are buttoned the whole length. Thin materials are employed for such mantels, although they are intended to protect the costume from dust, rain and other accidents on the way.

—Very wide sashes are worn, both with washing and silk gowns, and also for evening, and the loops are so arranged that they form a back drapery of themselves. A white lace dress, with a variety of these sashes, may be made to do a good deal of hard work for morning or evening wear. A velvet bodice in the evening with a lace skirt is always dressy, and the same skirt with a lace bodice will do for afternoon wear. Valenciennes is the best lace for this style of toilet.

—A few women, generally of mature age, wear a terrace-like projection at the back of their dresses, but as a rule big bustles are only seen in "fashion plates."

—The horrid, waggling crinolette bustle is no longer worn. The best dressed women have learned to wear their draperies in a manner that makes any save a very small bustle unnecessary.

—Pretty black straw Fanchons, dotted with cut jet, lined with black velvet and trimmed with two rosettes of white mauresque lace fastened on the top with long, dead gold pins, are effectively worn with either white or black frocks.

HORSE NOTES.

—The time of Epaulet's exhibition mile at Cleveland was 2.20¼.

—It is rumored that Green Morris may winter his stable in California.

—Clingstone's mile in 2.14, last Friday, shows that he has regained his form.

—Billy McDonald no longer drives the pacer Billy S. Jack Splan is his successor.

—The Cleveland Driving Club claims September 15 to 18 for a fall trotting meeting

—Kenney the steeplechase jockey, had his collar-bone broken by the horse Jim Casey's fall.

Albert France sold as favorite for the 2.31 class race at Cleveland, but Adelaide won handily.

—The grand Prix de Paris to be run in 1887 obtained no less than 390 English and French entries. It is understood that Mr. A. J. Cassett has several colts engaged. Billy Donohue, the jockey, has almost made up his mind to stop riding at Brighton Beach, as he finds a sort of discrimination exercised against him in getting good mounts.

—Trinket has not been right since her fast heat at Homewood, and Turner thinks he will not start her until she gets well again.

—The California stables have lost the prestige which characterized their brilliant career through a period of over two months.

—The stallion Rivoli died July 25, at the farm of his owner, R. P. Gorman, of Craig, Atchison county, Mo.

—The profits of the Cleveland meeting were close on to $10,000. The average of the forty-six beats trotted and paced was a little better than 2 20.

—The time by quarters of Maud S.'s three miles in better than 2.10 is as follows:

	Quarter.	Half.	Three-quarters.	Mile.
August 2, 1884	32½s.	1.04½	1.36¼	2.09¾
Nov. 11, 1884	32½s.	1.04	1.37	2.09¾
July 30, 1885	32½s.	1.04½	1.35¾	2.09¾

—Six trotters and two pacers dropped into the 2.20 class last week in the circuit meetings. They were Jerome Turner, record 2 17½; Glen Miller, 2.18; Billy Button, 2.18¼; Lena Swallow, 2.19; Mambrino Sparkle, 2.19¼; Amelia C., 2.19½; and the pacers New Hope, 2.16¼, and Lottie P., 2.17½.

—New Jersey will hold her twenty-seventh annual State Fair at Waverly on September 14, 15, 16, 17, and 18. Fifteen thousand dollars in premiums will be awarded for the various exhibits, $3,500 of the sum being set aside for speed classes.

—A recapitulation of the Cleveland meeting is as follows: Heats trotted, 47; total time 1h., 49m., 23½s.; average per heat, 2.19 3-5; heats paced 11; total time, 25m. 15½s.; average per heat, 2.18 6-11.

—Jimmy Dustin says he shall not push Maxey Cobb during the hot weather, but that by fall he will have him in great condition, and he may possibly be pitted in another race against Phallas for $2,500 a side.

—The Cleveland Jockey Club presented Mr. Bonner with a cup, symbolical of the event, for Maud S.'s great performance of July 30. It was made by Tiffany & Co., and valued at $800.

—Archer's record up to the 24th ult. was 345 mounts, of which he had won 239. C. Wood was second, with 277 mounts and 77 wins, and George Barrett third, with 293 mounts and 57 wins.

—The withdrawal of Clingstone from the free-for-all trot at Cleveland caused no little hard feeling, as the purse was made for the benefit of Mr. Gordon. Harry Wilkes started, and a race between him and Clingstone would have been a great drawing card. Mr. Gordon has decided to adhere to his resolution, made some years ago, and will not trot Clingstone against a field of horses.

—Phallas arrived at Belmont Park on the 6th from Cleveland. His driver, Edward Bither, reports that the famous stallion is in splendid condition. He considers Wilkes the hardest horse on the turf to beat, and does not feel very sanguine of being able to accomplish the feat. Wilkes has been beaten but once, and at Homewood Park, Pittsburg, July 16, he trotted the three fastest heats made this season. Time —2.16½, 2.15¼ and 2.16.

—The trouble with Jerome Turner has been found and treated. It was thought he had a corn, and was treated for that, his hoof being cut away. Now it has been found that some sand has worked under the shoe into the cut and packed, and the result was that the horse went lame, and it was hard to detect the seat of the trouble. It has now been remedied, and it is expected that he will go fast from now out.

—Several years ago when Phyllis was a trifle lame, her trainer, "Pop" Wagner, hired a boat, and every morning used to slip the mare down to the lake and give her a good swim, and, as a result, he succeeded in curing the lameness, and at the same time kept the mare in good condition. "Pop" claims that this was not, exactly heroic treatment, but just what the mare needed, and he gave it, is more than satisfied with the result, and claims that he is willing to allow any and all to use his patent free of royalty.

—Jack Splan writes to Mr. Bonner as follows: "I had the pleasure of driving the runner that accompanied Maud S. in her wonderful mile of 2.08¾, and, while I considered it a wonderful performance, I am positive, if everything goes well with her, that she will go a full mile this season in 2.07 or better. The track, while it was perfectly safe, had a tendency to tire a horse, as there were places in it from 100 to 200 yards long where the sun had no chance to dry it out from the recent rains, and when she came to those places I could see that it anchored her. Where the track was hard and smooth she would brush better than a 2.00 gait. If you could have been here and heard the applause which she received I think it would have repaid you for all the trouble with her. Our friend, Mr. Crawford, says that we shall never look upon her like again."

Everybody's Air-Brake.

"Yes, sah," said Uncle Zach, "I'se watched it forty years an' its as I sez: De fust of May an' Christmas day of de same year aliers comes on de same week day."

Further conversation proved Uncle Zach a most incredulous person. Chancing to mention Dr. Carver's feat of breaking glass balls with a rifle, he said:

"I heard 'bout dat shootin' and knowed right off it wasn't squar'; dat was a Yankee trick, boss', sho's your born."

"What was the trick?"

"Dar wuz loadstone put into de glass balls, an' likewise onto de bullets; so when de bullet fly outen de gun, it an' de ball jesd draw ed tergeder, which, in course, brokes de glass—dats de trick!"

Later, Uncle Zach observed a rope running along the side of the car.

"Boss, what's dat line fur?"

"To apply the air-brake in case of accident." Then we had further to explain how the force of the brake was obtained, to which Uncle Zach responded:

"Look a here boss, you sholy don't 'spect me to b'leeve dat foolishness? Why, de biggest harricane whatever blowed couldn't stop dis train, runnin' forty mile a hour. An' you think I gwine to b'leeve a little pipe full of wind under de kyars can do it? No, sah-ree!"

There are a great many Uncle Zachs who judge everything simply y appearances. The air-brake does not seem to be a very powerful thing, but power and efficiency are not necessarily equivalent to igness and pretense.

Phillip Beers, Esq., who resides at the United States Hotel, New York city, and is engaged in raising subscriptions for the New York *World* Bartholdi pedestal fund, was once upbraided by a distinguished relative who was a physician, for commending in such enthusiastic terms, a remedy that cured him of Bright's disease eight years ago. He said: "Sir, has the medical profession with all its power and experience of thousands of years, anything that can cure this terrible disorder?" No, no, that is true, there is no mistake about it but that Warner's safe cure *is* really a wonderfully effective preparation. That remedy is an "air-brake" that every man can apply and this fact explains why it has saved so many hundreds of thousands of lives.—*Copyrighted. Used by permission of American Rural Home.*

Why Prairies are Treeless.—Mr. Thomas Meehan believes that we have nearly reached the solution of the cause of the absence of trees from the prairies. It is not climatic, for timber belts flourish in all the prairie regions. It is not in conditions of soil, for the prairie is the most favorable to the germination of seeds, of tree as well as other plants, and artificial plantations are remarkably successful wherever they are made. The real cause is probably to be found in the annual fires which have swept over the prairies from time immemorial, killing the young trees before they can grow large enough to resist the heat. The seeds of the annual plants of the prairie vegetation, maturing every year are shed and find protection before the fires come; the young trees, on the other hand, bear no seed and can leave no resources for a succession after they are burned. The theory is supported by the fact that an abundant growth of trees had set in wherever the fires have been stopped. The fires were made by the aborignies for centuries before the white man came, possibly for the express purpose, Mr. Meehan suggests, of preventing the growth of trees and preserving the buffalo pastures. The question remains how prairies first came to be naked. They probably formed the bottom of the lakes and marshes that were left after the retreat of the glaciers, and continued wet after the highlands were covered with trees. Man followed the glaciers so closely that he anticipated the trees on these spots, and having learned already in southern latitudes the virtue of burning them began before the trees had gained a foothold.

Eleven stars have been selected for observation at Lisbon and Washington, to determine whether those places are changing in latitude. Each star will be observed fifteen or twenty times yearly, with the greatest possible accuracy in recording its position. Observations at Pulkowa have indicated a diminution of about twenty-three feet in latitude between 1843 and 1872, and greater changes have been shown at other observatories; but it is by no means certain that these results are not due to errors of observation.

Preliminary trials with an apparatus specially constructed for photographing the stars have been made at the Paris Observitory during the past year. The results have been so satisfactory that Admiral Mourchez now declares the problem of making charts to the heavens, including all stars down to the fifteenth magnitude, to be solved. Photographic impressions of the stars visible to the naked eye are taken with a minimum exposure of one hundredth to one half of a second, while for the faintest stars—those of the fifteenth and sixteenth magnitudes—an hour and a half or more is necessary.

On a clear night about 3,000 stars are visible to the naked eye. A like number in the opposite hemisphere makes a total of about 6,000 that can be seen without a glass. These are divided according to their apparent brightness, into six classes, twenty ranking as first magnitude stars, sixty-five as second magnitude, 200 as third, 450 as fourth, 1,100 as fifth, and about 4,000 as sixth. The telescopic stars, unseen by the unaided eye on account of their remoteness, are classified as high as the fourteenth magnitude, and their number is vastly greater, being reckoned as high as 20,000,000.

The possibility of obtaining echoes from icebergs or vessels at sea, even at considerable distance, has been demonstrated by Prof. Bell, of telephone fame. He suggests that shots fired periodically from the bows of befogged vessels may reveal the presence of obstacles ahead in season to avert an accident.

HOUSEHOLD.

HANGING PIN CUSHIONS.—Very elegant pin cushions for hanging up at the side of of a looking-glass are made just now in the shape of a slipper. They are made in three pieces. First, a piece of cardboard must be cut in the form of the sole of a shoe about six inches long, and then the toe—which in those we saw made in two pieces, may be contrived in one piece if preferred. These three pieces of cardboard must be first covered with satin and a small spray embroidered on each of them, at the heel end of the shoe and in the middle of the shoe and in the middle of the other pieces." The back of the sole should be neatly lined. When the three pieces are all covered and sewn together, a little pin cushion covered with the same satin and stuffed with bran must be tightly wedged in the toe of the shoe. When this is all done a cord should be run along to hide the stitches made by joining the pieces, not forgetting the edge of the sole, and a twist of three loops made at the heel to hang it up by.

PEACH SHORT-CAKE.—Take one quart of sifted flour, adding two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Now rub into the flour two ounces of good butter. Wet the flour with enough milk to form a soft dough, adding first to the buttermilk a teaspoonful of soda and dissolving it. Mix the whole lightly and make into a cake about nine or ten inches in diameter and thick enough to allow it to be split. As soon as thus prepared bake immediately on a griddle, and while still warm split it open, spread both halves over liberally with the best of butter, and over the lower half put a thick layer of ripe peaches, pared and rather thinly cut. Sprinkle the peaches thickly with pulverized sugar and cover them with the other half of the cake; dust the top with fine white sugar, and while the whole is still quite warm smother it with rich cream, and—well, we presume our readers know what to do next.

THE ANCIENT FEATHER-BED.—Will the day ever come when the ancient feather-beds of our grandmothers will be utterly banished from our homes, when it will be counted no prize for the little grand-daughter to have handed down to her "grandma's best feather-bed," and all its belongings. I know a house that holds a baker's dozen of these valuable relics of the dark ages, and I am confident that some of these geese from whose breasts those feathers were plucked quacked at the close of the last century. It is a most remarkable house for funerals. A thousand times healthier and sweeter is a good straw bed, which you can change often and wash clean every spring. A comfortable mattress over it is luxurious enough for a king.

PAPER SLIPPERS.—Paper slippers are the latest form in which paper is introduced in new inventions, An Englisman has patented a system of manufacturing slippers, sandals and other coverings for the feet out of paper. Paper pulp, or papier mache, is employed for the upper, which is molded to the desired form and size, and a sole is provided made of paper or pasteboard, leather board or other suitable paper material, which is united to the other by means of cement, glue or other adhesive material. The upper is creased, embossed or perforated at the instep and sides, which renders them somewhat pliable, and prevents them cracking while in use.

GRAHAM MUSH.—Stir slowly into very fast-boiling water enough graham flour to make a thin pudding. The flour should be sprinkled evenly from the hand, and the water should boil violently all the time, so the flour will be scalded immediately. Five minutes will be sufficient to cook it. Salt to taste. A Scotch bowl—which is a round-bottomed iron kettle—is best to cook it in. A great deal depends on the manner of cooking, as from the same material a delicious dish may be made, or one not fit to eat. It is especially nice for breakfast, served with cream and sugar.

VARNISHES FOR FURNITURE.—The simplest and perhaps the best is the solution of shellac only; but many add gum sandarach, mastic, copal and arabic, the last is not required if the solvent be pure, because insoluble in rectified spirits or rectified wood naphtha. Good solutions are: (1) Shellac, one and a half pounds; naphtha or spirits, one gallon; dissolve, it is ready without filtering; (2) shellac, twelve ounces; copal, three ounces (or an equivalent of varnish); dissolve in one gallon of naphtha or spirits.

TEA BISCUITS.—One quart of sifted flour, one and a half cups of sour or buttermilk, half teaspoon of salt, one teaspoon of soda dissolved in the milk; mix well; then roll and beat with the rolling pin till the dough is full of blisters and cracks loudly; roll out and cut with a biscuit cutter, grease the top with butter, fold one-half over the other; lay on the baking tin, so that the biscuit will not touch. Dip the fingers in milk and rub the top of each, to glaze them; bake in a quick oven.

CRANBERRY PUDDING.—Cranberry pudding is made by pouring boiling water on 1 pint of dried bread crumbs, melt tablespoonful of butter and stir in, When the bread is softened add 2 eggs and beat thoroughly with the bread, Then put in one pint of stewed fruit and sweeten to your taste. Bake in a hot oven for half an hour.

PICKLED PEARS.—Pare and halve the fruit; take seven pounds of the fruit, three pounds of sugar, one quart of vinegar, one ounce of whole cloves, one ounce of stick cinnamon; put all together and boil slowly for a short time. This recipe is good for either pears, peaches or plums.

The generality of men have, like planets, latent properties which chance brings to light.

For convenience in cleaning lamp chimneys, nothing is nicer than a small sponge attached to the end of a stick.

A New Orleans paper refers editorially to the wonderful restoration to health of Mr. T. Posey, druggist, 225 Canal street, that city who some time ago was prostrated by an excruciating attack of sciatica. After much suffering his wife applied St. Jacob's Oil, which cured him promptly and entirely.

Few are the orators who know when to stop talking.

I had a severe attack of catarrh over a year ago, and became so deaf I could not hear common conversation. I suffered terribly from roaring in my head. I procured a bottle of Ely's Cream Balm, and in three weeks could hear as well as I ever could, and now I can cheerfully say to all who are afflicted with the worst of diseases, catarrh and deafness, take one bottle of Ely's Cream Balm and be cured. It is worth $1,000 per bottle to any man, woman or child suffering from catarrh.—A. E. Newman, Grayling, Campbell Co., Michigan.

No man is wise at all times.

The Kidneys Cleanse the System.

It is important to keep them healthful and active, and this is best done with HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY. It is a specific for all kidney, liver and urinary complaints. Some of the worst chronic cases, that have been given up to die by physicians and friends, have been cured.

Mr. Stephen A. Aplin, Washington, D. C., says: "A member of my family having been troubled for several years with kidney disease was induced to use your HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY, and has been completely cured."

Health is better than wealth but wealth will bring health to all sufferers from diseases of the kidneys, liver and urinary organs, if it is expended in judicious amounts for the old reliable HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY. Dropsy, Rheumatism and Bright's Disease are immediately relieved by its use.

A whisper separateth friends.

LIVER COMPLAINT is declared by many old sufferers, after years of medical experiment, to be incurable, and yet VINEGAR BITTERS has effected innumerable permanent and perfect cures of chronic cases. Invalids, do not suffer longer, but purchase a bottle of the Bitters and judge for yourselves.

Charity is the bond of perfection.

Frazer Axle Grease

There is no need of being imposed on if you will insist on having the Frazer Brand of Axle Grease. One greasing will last two weeks.

There are remedies for all things but death.

MENSMAN'S PEPTONIZED BEEF TONIC, the only preparation of beef containing its *entire nutritious properties*. It contains blood-making, force generating and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility, also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, over-work or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caswell, Hazard & Co., proprietors, New York. Sold by druggists.

Striking manners are bad manners.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage expressage and $3 carriage Hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot.

600 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

A good example is always the best sermon.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c

Idleness always envies industry.

Solid Chunks of Wisdom.

THE only answer to all criticism, the true test of all work, is the result and when Carbolene restores the hair we know that it is the best restorer.

To select well among old things is almost equal to inventing new ones.

Why continue the use of irritating powders, snuffs or liquids. Ely's Cream Balm, pleasant of application and a sure cure for catarrh, and cold in head, can be had for 50 cents, at druggists. It is easily applied with the finger, is safe and pleasant and is curing the most obstinate cases. It gives relief at once. We will mail it at 60 cents. Ely Bros., Owego, N. Y.

Every man has just as much vanity as he wants understanding.

St. Bernard Vegetable Pills.

WARRANTED PURELY VEGETABLE. The best cure for Liver and Bilious Complaints, Costiveness, Headache, Dizziness and Dyspepsia. As a Blood Purifier and Spring Medicine they have no equal. No family should be without a box of the St. Bernard Vegetable Pills in the house. Price 25 cents at Druggists, or by mail. Samples sent FREE. Address P. NEUSTAEDTER & CO., 6 Mercer St., New York.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

Self-Defence.

To a criminal neglect of preventive medication may be ascribed a majority of the ailments which affect humanity. It is a well-ascertained fact, that a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will put even a naturally feeble system in such a state of defence that it will be competent to resist the most prevalent causes of disease, such as the malign influence of miasma, unwholesome water, excessive heat, damp, cold, sudden changes of temperature, &c.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

FACETIÆ.

"PAPA, did you ever smoke when you was a boy?" asked a 10-year old Brooklyn lad who was vigorously chewing coffee to disguise the vile odor of a cigarette which clung to him still.

"Yes, once," replied the father as he sniffed the smell of tobacco in the air.

"What did your papa say?" asked the boy, with usual interest.

"He didn't say a word, my son; but this is what he did when he found it out."

When the father finished the temperature of his scion was several degrees hotter than the ambient atmosphere.

FIRST doctor—"Do you know I am beginning to suspect Slathers?"

Second doctor—"You surprise me. He seems to be quite a gentleman."

First doctor—"Oh, certainly; but I mean—well, I hate to say it, but I suspect he is not a regular practitioner."

Second doctor—"You horrify me!"

First doctor—"In fact, I feel certain of it."

Second doctor—"Upon what do you base your opinion?"

First doctor—"Upon facts, sir, facts, All his patients recover."

A COUNTRYMAN in a restaurant ordered roast lamb, and the waiter bawled to the cook:

"One lamb!"

"Great Scott, mister!" cried the countryman, "I can't eat a hull lamb. Gimme some fried oysters instead."

"One fried!" bawled the waiter.

"Well, Methusalem's ghost, mister, one fried oyster hain't goin' to be enough! Gimme a dozen of 'em. Durn these city eatin' places!"

"What's the population of Chattanooga?" asked a Knoxvillian with an inquiring turn of mind, of a citizen of Chattanooga.

"Oh it is fully—but first tell me the population of Knoxville," said the Chattanoogan.

"No you say first," insisted the man from Knoxville.

"No you say."

"No, after you."

They subsequently changed the subject.

"YOUNG PERKINS—"Ethel, in a few short days I will be far, far away."

Ethel (languidly)—"How far?"

Young P. (desperately—"I know not—thousands of miles, perhaps. To-morrow night I shall leave this house, perhaps forever."

Ethel (with interest)—"What's the matter with to-night?"

"WILL you be good enough to bring me some butter?" said a traveler to a hotel waiter. "You have butter on your butter dish, sir," said the haughty night of the soup ladle, in reproachful tones. "Oh, excuse me," said the traveler, "I took it for a grease spot." And then no sound could be heard except the gentle rustle of the dinner gong.

"Now, sir, describe the horse."

"He was a bay gelding, sixteen feet high."

"What! sixteen *feet?* You mean *hands*."

"Did I say feet?"

"You did."

"Very well, then, I'll stick to it, I mean feet."

TO TEST your musical talent whistle all the time. Sing the rest of the time. Hum a bar of every new opera incessantly. Drum on the table with your fingers, and pat the floor with your foot. If your friends do not place you in a lunatic asylum after this you will be warranted in buying a cornet, flute, violin, accordion, or hiring a piano.

A KANSAS cowboy was seen coming out of the office of a local paper in that State, with a terribly bruised countenance and the general appearance of a walking rag-bag. "What have you been doing in that office?" asked a friend. "Oh, I went in to have the editor explain an item about myself, and he did it. I'm perfectly satisfied. For the love of heaven don't hint to him I'm not!"

BROWN—"What a sad-looking fellow Smith is. What is the matter with him, I wonder?"

FOGG—Why didn't you ever hear? He was disappointed in love."

Brown—"Got the mitten, eh?"

Fogg—"Oh, dear, no; he married her.

A GENTLEMAN was one day, in the old coaching times, traveling by a coach which moved at a very slow pace. "Pray," said he to the guard, "what is the name of this coach?" "The Regulator," was the reply. "And a very appropriate name, too, said the traveler; "for I see all the other coaches go by it."

"AND so your daughter is in the academy? How does she get along?" "Splendidly; she is studying all the higher branches." "Is she studying the languages?" "Oh, yes, she has nearly completed the language of flowers, and is now engaged in the language of perfumes. My! what an education that girl will have when she gets through."

"IS THERE a dude club in this city?" asked a stranger, entering the editorial room. "There is," returned the editor, as he produced a toothpick from his pocket and laid it on the roll-top desk; "that's it, and the first dude that shows his face in this office will be brained with it." With a deep sigh the stranger turned and disappeared.

AT the annual dinner of Sorosis in New York on Monday Mrs. Croly, the president, in offering the toast "The Women Martyrs," said that "martyrdom of woman was an unspoken agony." Anything "unspeakable" must be a great agony to a woman, that's a fact.

"WHY," asked Professor Miller, "is a good name better than riches?" and the smart bad boy at the foot of the class said he reckoned it was because it was much rarer. He was marked ten pins.

Prof. Tyndall recognizes three principal hues in sea-waves—blue, green and yellow. Solid particles held in the water act as minute mirrors reflecting the light that penetrates the liquid. The rays which are sent out after having traversed only a thin stratum of water preserve their yellow parts; but if the reflections are attenuated, the water appears green; and if they do not exist at all, the sea being clear and free from the muddy matters, the color is deep blue. In an indigo sea the crest of waves will appear green on account of their lack of thickness. Sea-weed, animalcules and other local or accidental causes may have much influence on the color of the water.

A forcible illustration of the weight of the atmosphere was given by Prof. S. P. Langley, the American astronomer, in a recent lecture in London. He remarked that the air, so limpid that it scarcely appeared to be matter at all, is so enormous in mass that it really presses with nearly a ton to each square foot; so that the weight of all the buildings in the world's metropolis, for instance, is less than that of the air above them.

A committee of the British Medical Association is collecting information concerning the experience and habits of persons who have attained the age of eighty or over. Interesting results are expected.

Rheumatism

We doubt if there is, or can be, a specific remedy for rheumatism; but thousands who have suffered its pains have been greatly benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla. If you have failed to find relief, try this great remedy.

"I was afflicted with rheumatism twenty years. Previous to 1863 I found no relief, but grew worse, and at one time was almost helpless. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me more good than all the other medicine I ever had." H. T. BALCOM, Shirley Village, Mass.

"I had rheumatism three years, and got no relief till I took Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has done great things for me. I recommend it to others." LEWIS BURBANK, Biddeford, Me.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is characterized by three peculiarities: 1st, the *combination* of remedial agents; 2d, the *proportion*; 3d, the *process* of securing the active medicinal qualities. The result is a medicine of unusual strength, effecting cures hitherto unknown. Send for book containing additional evidence.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla tones up my system, purifies my blood, sharpens my appetite, and seems to make me over." J. P. THOMPSON, Register of Deeds, Lowell, Mass.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla beats all others, and is worth its weight in gold." I. BARRINGTON, 130 Bank Street, New York City.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

Only Temperance Bitters Known.

VINEGAR BITTERS

VINEGAR BITTERS

Grateful Thousands proclaim VINEGAR BITTERS the most wonderful Invigorant that ever sustained the sinking system.

Made from California roots and herbs, free from **Alcoholic** Stimulants. **A Purgative** and Tonic.

This Bitters cures **Female** Complaints, Inflammatory and Chronic **Rheumatism**, Gout, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent **Fevers**, Blood, **Liver** and **Kidney** Diseases.

Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Furred Tongue, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Pneumonia, and Pain in the regions of the Kidneys, are cured by the use of the Bitters.

For Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Boils, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Discolorations, Humors and diseases of the Skin of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of the Bitters.

It Invigorates the Stomach, and stimulates the torpid Liver and Bowels, which render it of unequaled efficiency in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

No Person can take the Bitters and remain long unwell.

Pin, Tape and other Worms, are destroyed and removed from the system.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever it is foul; your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

In conclusion: Give the Bitters a trial. It will speak for itself. One bottle will prove a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy advertisement.

R. H. McDonald Drug Co., Proprietors, San Francisco, Cal., and 598, 597 & 599 Washington St. Cor. Charlton St., New York.

Sold by all Dealers and Druggists.

TRADE S.S.S. MARK

Indigestion Cured.

I suffered for more than five years with indigestion, scarcely able to retain the simplest food on my stomach. I declined in flesh, and suffered all the usual depression attendant upon this terrible disease. At last, failing to find relief in anything else, I commenced the use of Swift's Specific. The medicine toned up the stomach, strengthened the digestive organs, and soon all that burning ceased, and I could retain food without difficulty. Now my health is good, and can eat anything in the shape of food and digest it without difficulty. Take the prescribed dose after eating.

JAMES MANN, No. 14 Ivy St.

For sale by all druggists.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.

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BEST TRUSS EVER USED.

Improved Elastic Truss. Worn night and day. Positively cures Rupture. Sent by mail everywhere. Write for full descriptive circulars to the

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Steel Engravings, 24x36, full length.....$2 00
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SALT RHEUM, PIMPLES AND FRECKLES CURED by DR. HUTCHINSON, Chicago Dermal Institute, Chicago, Ill. TREATMENTS, by mail, FREE. Send two 3-cent stamps.

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THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

CURES

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, AND ALL OTHER BODILY PAINS AND ACHES.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents a bottle. Directions in 11 Languages.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO. (Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier.

Purifies as well as Beautifies the Skin. No other cosmetic will do it.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of thirty years and is so harmless we taste it to be sure the preparation is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished

Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the HAUT TON (a patient:)—"As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

MME. M. B. T. GOURAUD, Sole Prop'r, 48 Bond St., N. Y.

For sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U. S., Canada and Europe. Also found in N. Y. City, at R. H. Macy's, Stern's, Ehrich's, Ridley's, and other Fancy Goods Dealers. Beware of base imitations. $1,000 Reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.

BAUGH'S TRADE MARK

$25 PHOSPHATE

Contains the Life and Essence of Animal Bones. We are selling Baugh's Strictly Pure Raw Bone Meal, also Baugh's Ready Dissolved Pure Animal Bones, at very Low Prices. It would surprise farmers to know how very low they can procure these goods direct from us. Send your name and address and we will mail you our Phosphate Guide. BAUGH & SONS, 20 So. Del. Ave. Phila., Pa.

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ASTHMA

Samples of DR. E. W. Read's Celebrated Asthma Relief sent free to all who apply. It is also an excellent remedy for Coughs, Colds and Catarrh. 50c. and $1.00 packages sent by mail.

AND

CATARRH A. ETHRIDGE, Manufacturer and Proprietor. Rome, N. Y.

LE PAGE'S LIQUID GLUE

UNEQUALLED FOR CEMENTING WOOD, GLASS, CHINA, PAPER, LEATHER, &c. AWARDED GOLD MEDAL, LONDON, 1862. Used by Mason & Hamlin Organ & Piano Co., Pullman Palace Car Co., &c. Mf'd only by the RUSSIA CEMENT CO., GLOUCESTER, MASS. SOLD EVERYWHERE. Sample Tin Cans sent by Mail, 25c.

MONEY $10 TO $20 A DAY made with outfits for manufacturing Stencils, Key Checks and Rubber Stamps. Catalogue free. S. M. SPENCER, 112 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

Pensions to Soldiers & Heirs. Send stamp for Circulars. COL. L. BINGHAM, Att'y, Washington, D. C.

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R. U. AWARE THAT Lorillard's Climax Plug bearing a red tin tag; that Lorillard's Rose Leaf fine cut; that Lorillard's Navy Clippings, and that Lorillard's Snuffs, are the best and cheapest, quality considered?

THURSTON'S Pearl TOOTH POWDER

Keeping Teeth Perfect and Gums Healthy.

Blair's Pills, Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval Box, $1.00; round, 50 cts.

PENNYROYAL "CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH"

The Original and Only Genuine. Safe and always reliable. Beware of Worthless Imitations. "Chichester's English" are the best made. Indispensable TO LADIES. Inclose 4c. (stamps) for particulars, testimonials, etc., in letter sent you by return mail. NAME PAPER. Chichester Chemical Co., 2307 Madison Sq., Philada., Pa. PILLS!

Palms' Business College, Philadelphia. Terms only $40. Situations furnished. Write for circulars.

WANTED unemployed Men or Women. Profitable, legitimate business at home or abroad. Send 10 cts. for a sample (worth $1, for it), of new patented article which sells at sight in every family, store or factory. WESTLAND SAFETY LAMP CO., P. O. Box 497, Providence, R. I.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

MORPHINE Chloral and Opium Habits EASILY CURED. BOOK FREE. DR. J. C. HOFFMAN. Jefferson, Wisconsin

RUPTURE Cure guaranteed by Dr. J. R. Mayer, the successful specialist. Don't at once; no operation or delay from business; treated by hundreds of cures. Office, 931 Arch St., Phila. Hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.; at 2212 North Fifth St., 6 to 8 P. M. Sundays

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THE CENTRE REPORTER

CENTRE HALL, PA., AUG. 26 1885.

TERMS.—$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 20 cents per line for three insertions. One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium on $2 in advance.

Garmans.

BUSH'S ARCADE, *Bellefonte, Pa.*, 1885.

Tremendous bargains for the next month as our stock must be reduced:

Beautiful styles in Plaid and Check neckwear or men at 25 cents.

All the nobby styles in hats.

Hosiery and handkerchiefs in many styles.

Beautiful Fans and Parasols.

Satins, Plush and Felt for fancy work.

Lace Curtains (30 styles) from $1 to $5 a pair.

Portiere from $5 to $15.

Curtain Poles from 40 cents to $1 a pair,

Children's Lace Caps.

Ornaments for Fancy Work were 9c, now 6.

Yard wide unbleached muslin, 7c quality now 5.

DRESS GOODS.

40 inch Coupure Cloth was 42c, now 35c.

36 inch Colored Cashmere was 33c, now 27c.

Lot of Plaid and Brocade Goods were 10c, now 8c.

A great many pieces of Dress Ginghams were 12½c, now 10.

Brocade Velvets were 80c, now far below cost at 48c.

Plaids were 37½c, now 28.

Albatross was 22c, now 15c—Light Pink, Blue and Cream.

White, Pink and Blue Embroidered Dress Patterns below cost.

Table Linen at a bargain.

A large size 24 inch Handkerchief for Farmers at 6 cents.

Call Early and Examine the above Goods.

D. GARMAN & SON.

5:30 A. M. 9:00 P. M.

Garmans.

Our store is open to meet all trains from 5:30 a. m. to 9 p. m.

Our prices are positively the lowest consistent with strictly first-class goods.

Fans and parasols at a great reduction.

Summer underwear in all sizes.

Don't fail to give us a call when in town.

Bush Arcade, - - Bellefonte.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——Cool nights.

——Frosty mornings.

——Summer will soon be over.

——Subscribe for the REPORTER.

——On Tuesday it rained hard all day.

——Snyder county is to have a new jail.

——The corn crop will be a good one in this county.

——Col. Taylor, of Mifflin county, was in town last week.

——Murray's soda fountain is patronized by everybody.

——J. C. Rankin brought some fine cattle to this place last week.

——Ex-Sheriff Waddle died near Bellefonte, a few days ago.

——Centre Hall and the station will soon be able to shake hands.

——Mr. Harry Green, of Bellefonte, is spending a few days in this place.

——In one or two localities of our valley there were light frosts last week.

——Witmer Wolf and lady spent several days visiting friends at Williamsport.

——Hen. Weiser will set up in the tinware business again at Millheim in a short time.

——Festival at the Locust Grove Ev church, Georges Valley, Saturday, September 19.

——Station agent Kreamer is putting the finishing touches on a fine residence at Coburn.

——Bartholomew thinks of occupying his new store and dwelling, at the station, in a few weeks.

——Harry Green, of Bellefonte, is soliciting orders for Gen. Grant's Personal Memories, in this section.

——On Saturday a party of young folks from Aaronsburg pic-nicked at the cave and took supper at Centre Hall.

——Charley Glen and his photograph car will leave to-day for Spring Mills. Rain prevented his moving on Tuesday.

——The property of John Neff, on Main street, and some valuable live stock, will be offered at public sale, Sat., Sept. 12.

——Yony Deininger has his new planing mill under roof and has broken ground for a new dwelling on an adjoining lot.

——Millheim had its clock placed in the Evangelical steeple last week, and no doubt it is doing all on tick now and gets on a strike too.

——The young ladies of Spring Mills will give an entertainment at that place, Thursday evening, 27, consisting of tableaux, etc.; admission 10 and 15 cts.

——Last week the Tusseyville band, which played at a festival near that place, could be heard quite distinctly at Centre Hall, a distance of nearly five miles.

——Coburn station is improving so rapidly that lots which would not have sold for five dollars years ago, now go for two hundred. This is a harvest for our old friend Ben. Kerstetter.

——Mr. John Harpster, cutter in a large tailoring establishment, in Freehold, New Jersey, spent a few days visiting his mother in this place. John is looking well and is quite a handsome young man.

——Landlord Musser, of Millheim, is again suffering from a bealing caused by a bullet which lodged in his shoulder some 18 years ago from an accidental discharge of a rifle. Mr. Musser expects to have an operation performed in Philadelphia, as soon as he is able to undertake the journey, with a view to have the troublesome ball extracted.

——Frank Meyer, a graduate of the REPORTER office, now a practicing attorney, in Coldwater, Kas., is a candidate for the nomination of district clerk, on the Democratic ticket. The Democrats out there will do well to nominate Frank, he will be a credit to the party, as he carries honesty with ability, and will be found true as steel to the party as well as to any important public trust confided to him. Knowing him so well, we cheerfully bear this testimony in his favor.

AARONSBURG'S CENTENNIAL—1886.

Having lived at Aaronsburg a number of years, we still feel interested in the ancient town. Aaronsburg was laid out in 1786 by a Jew named Aaron Levy, and for a long time it was nicknamed "Jews town!"

Let Aaronsburg celebrate her Centennial next year by a big jollification, and a talk of old times. With 1886 the town will be 100 years old. It is the oldest town in the valley, Millheim being two years younger, having been laid out by Philip Gunkle in 1798—hence in two years, 1888, Millheim can celebrate her Centennial too. Aaronsburg now has a population of about 500 and has three streets with improvements, and any number of streets with nary a house. The main street is noted for its width, being 150 feet across, and some folks jokingly say there are two towns opposite each other.

Aaronsburg was the business centre of Penns, Brush and Sugar valleys, back 75 years ago, and its streets were crowded like those of a little city by the trade from this large scope of country—hence the main street was laid out wider in anticipation of its becoming a large town and the necessity of a wide street to accommodate the trade. Other villages and stores, however, began to spring up here and there, and took away its trade and blasted its hopes for greatness. It is now a quiet town, but there is not a village in the state with a more respectable people. The Duncans and Fosters, great-grand parents of the present families of that name, made their fortunes at Aaronsburg in the mercantile business, reaping the benefits of the trade it had three-quarters of a century ago.

We would suggest to the good people down there to have a big celebration in 1886.

——J. H. Keller makes a daily visit to the railroad station when the weather permits. Having retired from the active duties of life he delights to look at the iron horse and its train of cars, moving in and out at our station; right glad are we to see him realize the completion and benefits of an improvement to which he lent a large helping hand.

——Abs Harter's grocery is the busiest spot in Millheim. Abs was big hearted enough to set up the watermelons for J. H. Harter, Al Walters and ye editor, the other evening.

——Samuel Weiser, of Millheim, has recovered from his recent illness and is able to move about in seeming good health again.

——With the death of Mr. Wm. Harter and Mr. Michael Ney, at Aaronsburg, both within a week, Mr. Emanuel Ettinger is left as the oldest citizen of the town. It is worthy of note that at the funeral of Mr. Nye, Mr. Harter had acted as one of the grave diggers and pall-bearers.

——Mr. Olie Hoffer, of Tyrone, formerly of this place, spent Saturday with visiting in and about Centre Hall.

——A game of base ball will be played at Boalsburg, Friday, 28, between a picked nine from Centre Hall and the club of the former place.

—— Mingle's shoe store in the Brockerhoff house block, keeps up its reputation for first class bargains and the best assortment of goods. He never fails to please his customers.

——Judge Furst on Monday fined a fellow $2 for smoking in the court-room. Right.

——It is reported that Bob. Cassidy, of Canton, Ohio, and Mr. Feidler, of Williamsport, intend starting a new Republican paper at Bellefonte. Cassidy was a former Bellefonte printer, and Fiedler is a native of Brush Valley.

——Dr. Alexander's residence has been greatly improved by a green lawn—would make an elegant lawn tennis ground.

——Murray, the druggist in this place, intends having marble top counters put in his store, which are being furnished by the Centre Hall marble yard.

——Among the many improvements needed in Centre Hall is a town hall, as a town of this size often has occasion to make use of one. A good sized room, furnished in a respectable manner, would no doubt be a paying investment for our enterprising builders. As it is we are compelled to use our churches and school houses for that purpose.

——Mr. Aumiller, of Coburn, had a very valuable horse die of colic on last Friday night.

——A light frost, the first of the season, was observed at East Tanas, on 21. There was frost also at Quebec the same night.

——Soda at Murray's.

——An entertainment consisting of tableaux and music will be held in the Grange Hall, Spring Mills, on Thursday evening, August 27, at 7:30 o'clock. Admission, 10 and 15 cents.

——Apples will be plenty this year; every orchard in the valley is loaded down with the fruit.

——"A penny saved is a penny made." Young fellow, the easiest way for you to make fifty cents is to get married before the new marriage law comes into force and save the certificate fee.

——Miss Sallie Hoffer, of Bellefonte, spent several days last week visiting friends at this place.

——Everywhere we hear of the dull times. It is the dull season of the year for business, but it effects Centre Hall the other way. Lots of work, new enterprises do away with dull times.

——Base ball is becoming more popular every year, and is very fittingly termed "The National Game."

——ORIENTAL is the best.

——The Culinary Wire Basket is for cooking potatoes, meats, cabbage, eggs, etc. They can be placed in it and then in your cooking vessel. The basket, being constructed of wire, allows the heat from the steam to penetrate, thoroughly cooking the contents uniformly, and will not burn them. By the use of the Culinary Basket great trouble is avoided in so often cleaning your pot, as your meats, vegetables, etc., while cooking, are prevented in coming in contact with else than the wire ribs, and, when lifting vegetables, etc., it can be done without danger of scalding the hands, as the basket is provided with a bail. E. Z. Miller, Milroy, agent for Centre county. Get one. aug12-4t

——Merchant tailoring in all its branches done at the Philad. Branch. A tailor of long experience superintends all work, and utmost satisfaction guaranteed. tf.

——For dusters, scer-sucker coats and summer suits, at 30 per cent below any rates style other store, go to the Philad. Branch.

A SICK LOCOMOTIVE.

A sick locomotive is a pitiable sight too, and an annoying one when you are a passenger in the train behind it—it just leaves you behind too. The train which pulled out eastward from Centre Hall on Friday last got as far as Zerby's, when the engine got a sudden attack of lung fever, and its wind weakened muchly. The conductor communicated the sad news to the passengers, by the announcement, "Passengers for Coburn, get on the engine." That being our destination we along with Jas. H. Rankin an elderly lady, Cleve Dinges, Mr. Decker, and a few others, got aboard the engine, which cut loose from the train in which were Prof. Bartol and family, Witmer Wolf and lady, and half dozen others east-bound passengers, who remained in the cars and were left to take a nap, pick huckleberries or engage in other sports—while our crowd sped off on the sick iron-horse at a snail's pace. Jim Rankin got off and walked to the next flag station to tell 'em the engine was coming. As we passed the humble cottages along the road, we thought we could descern a tear in the eyes of the gaping women as the windbroken iron steed crept by them. How they pitied the poor sick thing! Large drops of sweat rolled over its chest, and its breathing was so weak that one could hardly hear it. Yet there was a little life left and it struggled on with its passengers at the rate of a mile in 30 minutes. Finally we struck a down grade, and then the engineer, Judge Smith, assured us we'd make time. We did, for a few rods, and the sick iron horse seemed glad for the relief. The throttle valve having given away, all lung power was gone, save what little steam passed thro' a pipe as big as our little finger. We expected the iron steed would kick the bucket before we'd get to Coburn. All on board felt sad—while those left behind we imagine were mad. At one time it seemed the critter had drawn its last breath. But with a little rubbing down, and a throwing in of kind words, the horse kept a-going. Ye gods, what an opportunity for taking an observation of the country! but when the poor, sick engine fell into our view all gladness was dispelled by the idea how the horse was suffering. But we got to Coburn—the critter was slowly and gently switched off and a butty telegraphed for from Sunbury to pull out the train from Zerby's. At Coburn Judge Smith did all in his power for the relief of the sick pet—peppermint, balsam de maltha, the smelling bottle, and castor oil were used—but what are these in a case of broken throttle valve! At 6 p. m. the butty from Sunbury arrived, and with big tears in its eyes towed off the train up the road and with it the sick steed which was safely lodged in the hospital for iron horses at Sunbury. May we never again have such a sad experience. If we hear of a big burial at Sunbury, we'll be able to guess all the rest. We hope that engine will never meet us again on our travels.

——A cool and refreshing drink of soda with choice syrup can be had at Murray's drug store.

——Ask your grocer for ORIENTAL, full roller process flour.

——D. M. Cowher has leased the Coal rain flouring mills in Huntingdon county. He formerly ran the Stone mill, in the Loop.

——Merchant tailoring at the Philadelphia Branch, and satisfaction guaranteed. An experienced head oversees this department. tf

——The Tusseyville band held a festival in From's woods, Friday and Saturday of last week. Saturday evening there were quite a number in attendance, and all seemed to enjoy themselves. A handsome sum of money was cleared.

——Housekeepers in the section of Oak Hall will find Korman's new store a good place for the purchase of new goods at a bargain. Dry goods and groceries, and everything usually kept in a country store will be found at Korman's store.

——Our stock of fall and winter woolens is now in, and on all orders for the next 30 days, we will allow a discount of 10 per cent. GOLDSMITH BROS., Merchant Tailors, Bellefonte, Pa.

——After Sept. 1 our stock of zephyrs, yarns, embroidery and knitting silks, and everything pertaining to the line of fancy work, will be complete and kept up as it formerly was at our old stand before the fire. GOLDSMITH BROS.

Fall styles of hats and caps just received at the Bee Hive.

——The little boys of town are having their sport at killing the troublesome English sparrows.

——Mr. Herlacher and his assistant have been busy during the last week at Spring Mills putting patent fire-proof paint on roofs in that section. Every body should have their buildings secured from fire and water by an application of this economical paint.

——The Presbyterian Sabbath school of Potters Mills had a pleasant pic-nic in an adjoining woods, last Saturday. The M. E. School, of same place, we are told, will have a pic-nic next Saturday.

——Emil Berchner, of Clinton county, recently picked up the head of a rattlesnake that had just been cut from its body. Life was not extinct, for the reptile buried its fangs in his thumb. His life was saved by putting gun powder in the incisions made in the thumb and exploding it.

WONDERFUL SURGICAL OPERATION.

Dr. J. H. Pierce, of Philipsburg, Centre county, has been suffering from a cancer of the larynx, which was fast eating the parts away. In Buffalo, N. Y., Dr. Park, of the General Hospital, performed what is known as trachiotomy, cutting through the trachea from the front side of the throat, and inserting a breathing tube. When the diseased parts were all cut away, the innumerable veins tied up, and the parts concealed, silver tubes prepared from models procured in Europe were inserted. A set of reeds intended to replace the vocal organs is in process of construction. The patient is rapidly recovering. The operation has been undertaken, twice before, once in New York and once in St. Louis. The New York patient lived and the other died.

SUICIDE AT PORT MATILDA.

Tyrone, August 17.—Reuben Reese, 35 years old, a highly respected farmer living one mile from Port Matilda, committed suicide at about 6 o'clock Friday morning by shooting himself with a rifle. He had been sick several weeks, and it is supposed he became melancholy, which led to the act. He leaves a wife and three children.

BOUND TO THE RAILS.

A Railroad Man's Awful Position—Supposed to be the Work of Tramps.

Lewistown, Pa., August 16.—One of the most fiendish crimes that ever had its inception in the soul of human beings and carried into execution, was perpetrated upon Mr. Thomas Crepps, a division boss on the Pennsylvania Railroad. Mr. Crepps was walking on the railroad track making his way home, about 9 o'clock on Friday night, and when near Anderson Station, a few miles above this place, he was attacked by three unknown men. The assailants knocked Crepps down, and robbed him of his silver watch and a month's salary that he had just received. After the robbery the fiends gagged and bound him hand and foot, and then tied him firmly across the track, and hurried away.

Crepps knew that a freight train was due in a few minutes, and began a struggle to which the desperation of an imminent death lent superhuman strength. He wrenched his feet from his boots and succeeded in extricating his right hand when the expected freight train came in sight. One minute more and the thongs would have been severed. The struggling man rolled off the track and the iron horse came rolling on, crushing the fingers of his left hand. After the train had passed Crepps was found by a track-walker, and the gag removed. Crepps was carried to his home at Granville, and his condition is critical.

Yesterday and to-day all the tramps that passed up and down the road were arrested and searched, but no evidence of the robbery in the hape of the missing property could be found.

THREE BROTHERS KILLED IN 12 HOURS.

Martin's Valley, Pa., August 18.—The violent deaths of John, Wyman and Jason Truby, three brothers, which occurred between 11 o'clock on Friday night and 11 o'clock on Saturday morning, has created a profound sensation in the village. The three men were sons of a widow living here.

John was 34 years of age and was a flagman on the East Branch Railroad. On Friday night about 11 o'clock he was sent to change a switch on the road, and in running along the track he fell and struck on his head, breaking his neck and crushing his skull.

Jason Truby, aged 36, worked in the slate quarries. On Saturday morning he was crossing a cavity which was filled with water from the recent rains. The board tipped, he struck his head against a stone and he was drowned. Wyman Truby, aged 38, was a miller, and was at work in the mill at 10:30 o'clock. The flooring of a grain bin gave way in the room above and he was burried beneath hundreds of bushels of wheat. When he was taken out he was dead. Messengers started from the quarry and the railroad to tell Wyman of his brother's death. They Met at the mill just as Wyman's body was being carried out. Mrs. Truby, the mother, is not expected to live. Nine years ago she had another son killed in New York.

SOMETHING LEARNED FROM THE HEATHEN.

A London paper in a recent issue dwells with unfeigned admiration on the innate and cultured politeness of the average Chinesemen. It is understood that the practice of the most refined politeness is cultivated and inculcated on higher grounds in China than in any other country in the world and it is intimated that a good many of more progressive nations might sit at the wooden shoes of the Celestials and take lessons in this line.

It is well known that the ancient doctrine of absolute reverence on the part of children for their parents, the habit of unquestioning filial obedience and the old and earliest form of religious worship, known as ancestral worship, among the Chinese, have all tended to develop the modern Chinese general and special politeness A great many Americans laugh at the apparent submissive ways of the Celestials, and these are all a part of the same orders of discipline. But are we not often erring in the other extreme?

12TH ANNUAL PIC-NIC OF THE PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY.

The Patrons of Husbandry, of Centre county, will hold their 12th Annual Pic-nic on Nittany Mountain, near Centre Hall, on Thursday, September 17, 1884. Col. V. E. Piolet, of Bradford county; Hon. Mortimer Whitehead, of New Jersey, and others, will address the meeting. Bands will be present to furnish music, and other entertainments will be given. Manufacturers and people generally are cheerfully accorded the privilege of the grounds for exhibiting purposes, subject to the supervision of committee of arrangements. All are cordially invited to attend. Application for restaurant privileges must be made to the chairman of committee on ro before the day of pic-nic. By order of County Grange. L. NEFF, Chairman, Centre Hall, Pa.

WOMEN are everywhere using and recommending Parker's Tonic, because they have learned from experience that it speedily overcomes despondency, indigestion, pain or weakness in the back or kidneys, and other troubles peculiar to the sex. aug

No one, better than the mother, knows the amount of persuasion, threatenings and force required to induce the children to take, when necessary, a dose of the nauseating, sickening worm syrups; and no one more highly appreciates the virtues of McDonald's Celebrated Worm Powders. So easy and pleasant to take, so effective as a worm destroyer, the dose so small that the children never know they are taking a medicine. There is nothing in the shape of a vermifuge that can compare with them. Don't be deceived. Take no other. Money refunded to dissatisfied purchasers. JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co., Philadelphia Agents.

Boils, pimples, skin grubs, black maggots, eruptions, scaly skin, etc., indicate poisoned blood, and besides being disagreeable to you, afflicted reader, they are unpleasant to your friends and those compelled to come in contact with you; you owe it as a duty to your health and your friends, to take a bottle or two of McDonald's Great Blood Purifier or Sarsaparillian Alterative, and be more pleasant and agreeable to look at. Money refunded to dissatisfied purchasers. JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co, Philadelphia Agents.

STRANGE SCENES ON A MOUNTAIN.

Within the compass of what was once, no doubt, a crater of Mount Lassen, California, there are boiling bodies of water of dimensions from sixty feet by forty to those small as imaginable, some clear as crystal, others white with sulphur, alum, soda and salt. While some are gently simmering, others boil furiously. In close proximity are other springs, the contents of which are a composition of minerals and earth of all consistencies, from huge cauldrons, which remind one of great kettles of boiling soap, to others like large churns of cream, so thick as to be agitated with much difficulty; and one that afforded considerable amusement was so tiny that it was much like the size and shape of the spout of a tea-pot, and emptied at intervals of several seconds about one teaspoonful with great force to a distance of several feet.

On two different pools a substance is brought up from the depths below, dries on the surface, floats to the margin, and is piled up in huge quantities resembling lampblack. A visitor says a handful to be thrown into a current floats away bodily without dissolving. The surrounding embankments seem to be of chalk-like formation, and from every aperture as small as a mouse-hole to the immense one whose force cannot be estimated, so powerful seems the condensation, steam is emitted with greater or less rapidity, the noise of the larger exceeding that of any steam engine. On lifting a crust anywhere, the surface beneath, as well as the aperture, was found to be crystalized with sulphur. Formations of crystals of the different minerals are found promiscuously. Above one of these seeming escape valves are large rocks, which are completely encrusted with sulphur crystals. As if to heighten these wonders of nature, not ten steps from a body of water lay a large bank of snow, the greater part of which consisted of that very curious phenomenon, red snow, so much so that our fingers were stained as with dye in compressing a ball of it.

LITERATURE IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

The monasterics of the Middle Ages were the conservatories of literature. Just as the frozen soil preserves in its bosom, through long, cheerless days of winter, seeds which shall afterward clothe the earth in beauty and fill the air with fragrance, so did the non-progressive institutions of the Dark Ages cherish the germs, already budded into form, which were ere long to burst the crust of superstitious ignorance, and come forth fresh and sweet in the springtime of intellectual awakening.

We of modern times cannot be too grateful to the cowled ecclesiasts of those early days, who have bequeathed to us so rich a treasure. Nearly all that is valuable in revelation, in history, in the logy, in science, art and government—in fact, the great bulk of literature of every kind belonging to the dawn of the Christian era, has come down to us through the medium of monks and anchorites of the early church.

Nor has the crypt preserved for us sacred literature alone, but also a large portion of immortal writings of profane authors previous to the Christian era. The histories of Tacitus gathered dust in a monk's cell long before they were given to the world. Some of Cicero's dissertations lay among the wine casks of an ancient monastery till they were so discolored that only the keen-eyed medieval schoolmen could make them out. Livy's manuscripts were found in a monk's closet, so were Aristotle's. Truly, the strongholds of the venerable fathers were keeps of which the world may well be proud since they sheltered Aristotle and Cicero, and Tacitus and Lucullus, and scores of other immortal writers, from the devastating hand of barbarism.

IN DAYS OF OLD.

Breakfast and luncheon were very slight meals with the "Greeks and Romans. The *cena*, or dinner-supper of classical times, consisting of three courses, piquant dishes, then fish and meat in several removes, was held in far too high esteem by epicurean appetites to allow of its being injured by any previous repast. Not till the supper or dinner, call it what we will, was served did the noble Roman take his daily food with luxurious elegance and ease. The evening meal was for the few, not for the many. It was the meal sacred to hospitality and pleasure. Those who partook of it reclined at length on couches, in the spirit of festal enjoyment and pleasure, donned like a marriage robe. Dinner or supper, this was the meal of the day. Business was left behind, care and toil were forgotten, the day's work was done.

BRET HARTE.

This is the way a correspondent describes him as he appears at present: Old acquaintances scarcely recognize Bret Harte in the gray, wrinkled, corpulent man he has become during his residence abroad. His hair is now as white as snow. One of his sons, Francis B. Harte, named for his father, is an actor of promise. The other, an elder, is in business, and prefers its comparitively sure methods of success to the precarious ways of literature and the drama.

Shelled corn and other coarse grain wanted at the Centre Hall roller mill.

An Explanation.

MR. EDITOR:—In looking over the columns of the "Reporter" I find an uncalled for and ungentlemanly attack upon me for appearing as a delegate in the Democratic Convention, in 1884, from Harris twp., and again as a delegate to the Convention in 1885, from the borough of Millheim.

If it were information your correspondent wanted, and if he were a gentleman, he would have come to me and I think I could have explained the matter so that he could have comprehended it. But he does not want information, he evidently wants to say something ugly about me and takes this for an excuse to get a drive at me thro' the papers. His style shows a very ugly disposition and if I were instigated by the same evil spirit he manifests, I might say some very ugly taings concerning him and with much more truth than characterizes his inquiry, but that kind of stuff only shows to reading and thinking people how infinitesimally little such writers are.

Mr. James Kimport was elected one of the delegates of Harris twp. to the convention in '84. Having gone to Penn twp. a few days prior to the election of delegates, and having taken sick there, he was unable to attend the meeting of the convention. I called to see him and after telling me what he would like to do in the convention, substituted me to appear for him and carry out his express wishes.

At that time I considered myself a resident of Harris twp., having gone there in March, '84. I was even assessed and paid county and state tax there in '85. My intentions were to move my family no later than September, '84, but as the house in which I was to move was not completed so that I could move, I had to postpone moving until after the election, or lose my vote which I did not like to do—a thing that nobody but a fraud of a Democrat like your correspondent would have given me credit for doing. I never had more honest intentions to do anything in my life than I had to move to Linden Hall, and would have done so had it not been for the little unpleasantness between Mr. Hess and myself after the election. This explains my appearance in the convention as a delegate from Harris twp. Strictly speaking I might not have been a resident of the district, yet I voted at the delegate election and no one objected to the vote, however, did not disgrace the delegates; the good Democrats of Harris, (and there are excellent Democrats here,) nor him who substituted me, a fact of which I am proud—I don't know whether your correspondent is or not. I am proud too of the fact that in whatever capacity I have been called upon to serve the public, I have never disgraced my constituents, my friends, or myself in such service, a fact too I do not believe your correspondent can boast of truthfully over his signature. As for being a delegate from Millheim boro. in the County Convention this year, I have nothing to say. I will simply refer any one wishing to know anything about it to Mr. A. Walter, cashier of the Millheim Banking Co.

As to the application for postmaster will simply say I have pushed no claim. The question of "non-residence" I have not inquired into. If my memory serves me right the present postmaster of Philadelphia held his positon for a while after his appointment, being a resident of another county in the state. I have pushed no claim; am pushing no claim, and have said precious little about it.

I sincerely hope this explanation will be sufficient. I certainly do not want to make myself conspicuous in this may through the newspapers. I do this simply in justification of myself for the uncouth manner in which I have been brought into public notice. Very respectfully yours, W. K. ALEXANDER.

MARKETS.

Reported by EVANS BROS., Produce Commission Merchants, No. 56 North Water St., Philad.

Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Cheese and all kinds of Country produce. Quick sales, good prices and quick returns.

PHILADELPHIA, August 24, 1885.

BUTTER.		
Creamery, Penn'a, extra		21
" Western "	19	22
EGGS.		
Penn'a, Del and Md., per doz.....crates	14	15
" " " " .....bbls		14
Western, ex brands " .....crates		14
LIVE POULTRY.		
Fowls, straight, nearby.....per lb	10	11
" mixed "	9	10
" Western, straight "		10
" " mixed "	9	10
LIVE CALVES AND SHEEP.		
Calves, Del & Md, prime.....per lb		7
" Fair to good "	5	6¼
" Common stock "	3	4
Sheep, prime "		4
Lambs, extra "		6
Live Cattle "	5	6
Hogs, live "	5¾	6
Pigs, live "	4	5
FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.		
Apples, new .....per bbl	$1 25	$1 50
Peaches, extra.....peck crate	1 20	1 50
" fair "	25	50
" fancy.....per basket	75	1 00
New Potatoes, choice.....per bbl	1 50	1 75
" fair "		1 25
" culls "		75
Watermelons, extra.....per 100	12 00	15 00
" prime "	8 00	10 00
CHEESE.		
N Y Factory, choice		7¾
Ohio, fat, fine	6¾	6¾
HAY AND STRAW.		
Timothy, choice.....per ton	$ 18 00	$20 00
" fair "	18 00	16 00
Cut Hay "	22 00	23 00
Rye Straw "	16 00	17 00
Wheat Straw "		8 00
Oat Straw "	7 00	8 00
SEEDS.		
Timothy.....per bu	1 90	2 00
Clover.....per lb	9½	10
Flax.....per bu		1 40
FEATHERS.		
Choice Geese.....per lb	48	52
Prime " "	45	46
Chicken " "	4	5
HIDES.		
Hides, Dry.....per lb	10	11
Calf, Salted "	12	13
Hides, Green, Steer "	5½	6
" " Cow "	5	5½
" " Bull "	4	4½
" Salted Steer "	7½	8
" " Cow "		7
Sheep Skins, per piece	25	75
MISCELLANEOUS.		
Lard, Country lots, prime.....per lb	7¾	8
Tallow, Solid "		5
" Cake "		5¼
Honey in Comb "	10	11
Country Soap "	4¼	5

☞Price Current Subject to Market Fluctuations

Philadelphia, August 24, 1885.
(Corrected Weekly.)

		Chicago.	Philadelphia
Corn	"	44½	—52
Wheat	"	78½	—89
Oats	"	26½	—37½
Pork	"	8.82½	
Lard	"	6.20	

SAMUEL WHITE, Jr., Com'n Broker
23 South Third Street.

SPRING MILLS MARKET

Wheat—Red	90
White & Mixed	85
Rye	60
Corn, 45 shelled, and ears o	50
Oats	30
Buckwheat	50
Barley	45
Cloverseed large	5 00
Cloverseed small	6 00
Timothy seed	2 05
Plaster, ground per ton	9 00
Flour, per barrel	5 00
Roller Flour, per barrel	6 50

Butter, 14; tallow, 6; lard, 8; ham, 12; shoulde 8; bacon or side, 8; eggs per dozen, 12 cents.

Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble.

COAL.—Pea, 3.00; Chestnut, 4.75; Stove, 5.00 Egg, 4.75.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration upon the estate of John U Weaver, late of Gregg twp. dec'd, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned, would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement. MAGDALEANA WEAVER, Adm'x, 29jul6t Farmers' Mills, Pa.